

ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

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ANIMAL LIFE.

BY ALPHA G. KYNETT.

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
No one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things."

Walt Whitman.

PERHAPS we may disagree with the poet in his implied censure of humanity in comparison with the beasts. It may be a good thing to be able to repent of sins, and to have a sense of duty toward God. Therein is the very thing which lifts men above the brute, and enabled Whitman to stop and watch and think. Fancy the animals writing their impressions of mankind. But it is not merely those disgusted with long life, misfortune, and treachery, who turn to watch the secrets of animal life. Some bright day go to the Zoölogical garden, or even to the barnyard, and you will see innocent and bright childhood watching, with eager interest, the actions and life of our humble friends. And this childlike spirit is carried into later life, as many a household pet will witness. Is it not the longing for friendship which can be trusted which explains the cat, which is popularly supposed to be an indispensable member of the old maid's household? Many a man beguiles care away in the presence of some chosen pets. I have in mind an old man who for many years toiled in one of our great city factories. He has saved a modest competency, and the other day when his good wife would apologize for his appearance, "He has been with his pigeons," she said, as if half ashamed. A request

brought an invitation to visit a loft where his pets were kept: a neat room filled with birds of all ages. How tenderly he picked up some little one to discuss its fine qualities; how carefully he pointed out the father and mother of some choice bird; how he discoursed on the kindness of the mail bird which fed its offspring when the mother was busy with a young pair. Why, for thirty years and more, he had cared for like birds! He told of their antics in the air as they turned joyous summersaults in play or soared aloft out of sight, yet never leaving the immediate vicinity of their home. Right in the crowded city and in the busy humdrum of life one could see how his little friends had kept his heart young and his spirit bright by their companionship.

A lady, the wife of Captain Frank P. Shepherd of the ship John Baizley, which plies in Chinese seas, has just returned from a visit in Philadelphia to San Francisco, bearing with her a remarkable bird. When the ship was lying at Shanghai, an old Chinaman boarded the vessel and offered a young bird in its bamboo cage for seventy-five cents. It was finally purchased for fifty cents, and turned out to be a Chinese Mud Mino. The Rock Minos are said to be quite highly prized but the Mud Minos not so much so. When sold to Europeans the

birds are taken into the old Chinese City, and it is affirmed by the Chinese that their tongues are slit to enable them to talk.

However that may be, the operation certainly did not take place with this bird. It had to be fed at first by its mistress and soon learned to come at the call of Mrs. Shepherd from any part of the ship. On one occasion on coming on deck, Mrs. Shepherd heard the call of the bird from a new quarter. Careful

old. In size it seemed like a small crow and not unlike in appearance. Its color was a deep velvety black, with the exception of a white mark on the base of the quill feathers of the wing. Around the base of the beak and the forehead the feathers are extremely short and have a velvety sensation to the touch, that is when you can touch them, for the bird is averse to any handling, even by its mistress. The long slender bill and the feet are a yellowish ivory white and

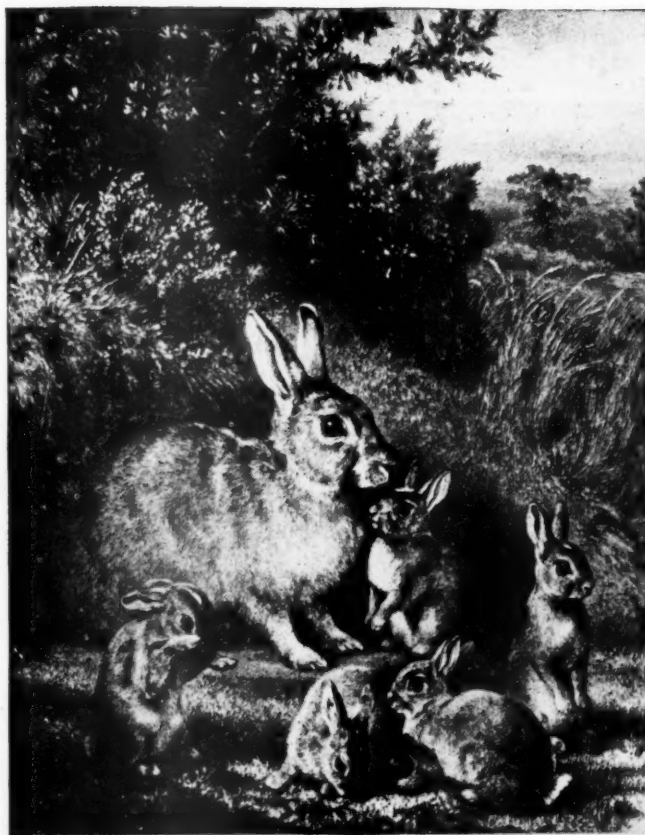


CONTENTMENT.

search failed to find it on the ship and finally it was discovered perched on the mast of a neighboring Chinese junk. Taking the boat and rowing to the side of the junk a call brought the bird down on the head of its mistress, where it remained until the ship was reached when it flew to the rigging. It rapidly learned to talk, and could mimic the sounds found on ship. It frequently called the ship's dog by whistling. On her recent visit to Philadelphia it was my fortune to see the Mino, now about two years

old. But it is the conversational powers of "Dickie," which strikes one with amazement. Not only the words but the intonation of Mrs. Shepherd are faithfully reproduced. "Nice Dickie. Dick wants a bath—nice water to wash in—Dickie get dry, dry, dry," is heard when he takes his daily bath.

"Frank, Frank, are you going ashore?" is a frequent question. "I tell you I can't wait, go into the cage Dick! I can't wait!" is heard when he returns to



his cage, frequently, "Oh, Dick, you're such a naughty bird, tut! tut! tut! Aint you ashamed, Dick," comes in expostulating tones, followed sometimes with "Oh, Dick, you're such a funny bird, ha, ha, ha," in a peal of ringing laughter. When scolded he replies in a soothing tone "Nice Dickie, nice Dickie bird." When hungry he informs us that "Dick have some beef," varied by "Dickie going to have some chow, some chow!" (the Chinese for food). His chow is a



A HAPPY FAMILY.

"CAN'T YOU TALK?"

mixture of hard boiled eggs, rice and raw beef. When the food is prepared he imitates the noise made by the knife

parrot in the house here kept a sulky silence as in the presence of a master spirit, while Dick remained.

But to turn from feathered friends to our better known companions, who has not had some experience which leads him to appreciate the humor of "Witness my act and deed." Indeed pussy is more than any other creature the pet of our early



"WITNESS MY ACT AND DEED."

as it hashes it up in preparation. He coughs, sneezes, and when Mrs. Shepherd takes her handkerchief out, blows his nose vigorously. At the Pennsylvania depot he seemed to rise to the occasion and gravely bade "Good-bye," and electrified some children with "Cheequah, Cheequah, why don't you sing?" It was evident that they looked upon him as something uncanny. It is said that there are two others in Washington city. We do not

wonder that Mrs. Shepherd refused an offer of sixty dollars for him. We do wonder that more are not imported. A



SEEKING PREY.

years, and too often a martyr to our youthful but vigorous affection.

A little girl sat the other day in the

corner of a field crying as if her heart would break, on her lap lay a wee dead kitten. What is the matter? brought the reply, "O, sir, my pussy's deaded, my pretty pussy's deaded."

No more games of romps, no more scampering after the birds and butter-



IN CONSULTATION.



BEYOND REACH.

flies, no more making of pussy a doll. But the dear little girl was probably the kitten's executioner after all. Then, too, what a clever and wise creature even the commonest cat is. No mere sporadic acts of sagacity such as unfastening a door to get out, breaking a window to get in, or pulling a bell rope to call the servant, can do justice to Puss's wisdom. Why even as I write an old Maltese cat, a relic from some former occupant of the house, has been waging a successful contest with the servant. Somehow he has found access to many a toothsome meal when "Lydie" has

been sure that everything is safe. Cats are as fond of birdnesting as any of our bad boys. It is credibly related that a cat found a starling's nest in the gable end of an old barn. There were five eggs in it at the time but Puss did not touch them. She, however, was seen to go frequently to the nest and take a peep. When at last her patience was rewarded

and determined bird hunter. When you saw him on the limb of a tree, demure and innocent looking, you knew some deeply-laid plot was about to be put in execution against some luckless family of birds. The instinct of mother love is often strong in cats. A dog will seldom dare attack a cat while she is nursing her young, and often are driven off by the attack of the anxious mother.

Perhaps in no matter of domestic life is there a greater difference between the East and the West than in the estimation and treatment of the dog. In the East he has served as a by-word of loathing and contempt. There is no appreciation of canine character, no recognition of his services to man, and no compassion for his fate. Mohammedans officially condemn and Hindoos formally outcast him. The result is that in India the dogs attach themselves to places rather than persons, as is seen in the clans of pariah dogs, which attach themselves to a neighborhood. No eastern writer has said much in favor of the dog, but Lockwood Kipling tells us that with the advance of British influence in the East, there is coming a higher appreciation



"SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP."

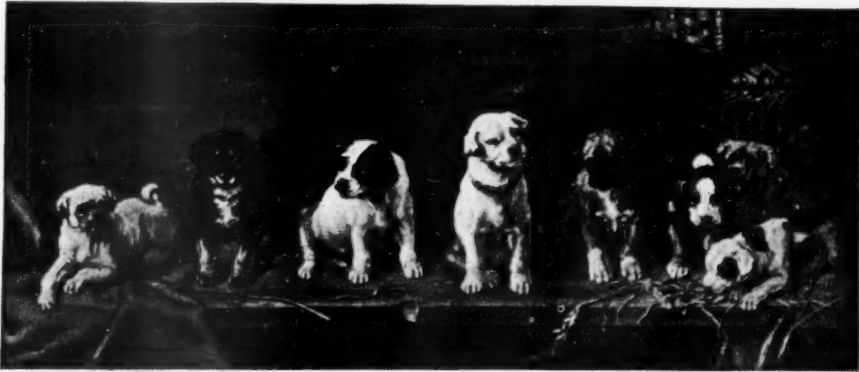
by the sight of the young, she coolly put in her paw drew out the little things one by one and devoured them before their distracted parents' eyes. A little bird was once brought into our parlor by a young lady who had picked it up from the ground. A half-grown pet kitten made a sudden spring, snatched the bird from the astonished lady's hand and devoured it. From that day he became a fierce

and determined bird hunter. When you saw him on the limb of a tree, demure and innocent looking, you knew some deeply-laid plot was about to be put in execution against some luckless family of birds. The instinct of mother love is often strong in cats. A dog will seldom dare attack a cat while she is nursing her young, and often are driven off by the attack of the anxious mother. Perhaps in no matter of domestic life is there a greater difference between the East and the West than in the estimation and treatment of the dog. In the East he has served as a by-word of loathing and contempt. There is no appreciation of canine character, no recognition of his services to man, and no compassion for his fate. Mohammedans officially condemn and Hindoos formally outcast him. The result is that in India the dogs attach themselves to places rather than persons, as is seen in the clans of pariah dogs, which attach themselves to a neighborhood. No eastern writer has said much in favor of the dog, but Lockwood Kipling tells us that with the advance of British influence in the East, there is coming a higher appreciation

company and faithfully guard and care for his charge. In the home he submits to many a tweak and pull which would seem to be calculated to test the Job-like character of his patience. Lovable, kind, intelligent, he has become a valued friend.

Then comes the recollection of "Colonel," a magnificent Newfoundland dog, owned by the then Methodist minister of Lyons, Iowa. Captain Casebeer had been an officer in the Union army, before he had become a preacher, and Colonel had been his companion on battle-field and in camp. Of course he had learned many tricks which the soldier boys had delighted to teach him. Many a time did he jump over a stick or

won the victory, he picked up the basket and came on home with the air of a conqueror. Whether the other dogs of the village heard of the affair, I do not know. Certain it is he was not afterward molested. The second time was when he had been chained to a pale-fence. A large, mongrel dog, belonging to the editor of the village paper, drew near, with fierce intent. Suddenly Colonel made a fierce dash toward his adversary, broke the pale, and followed hard after the other, who took incontinently to his heels. Just as the fleeing dog was crawling under the home fence, Colonel overtook him, and, seizing his tail, proceeded to mangle and masticate it to the accompaniment of the other dog's vigorous



"THE PUPPY CLASS."

plunge into the water at my command. If you placed a garment in his care and told him to watch it, no one could manage to coax or frighten him into giving it up until the owner himself asked him for it. It was his delight to carry the market basket, and he would fetch the meat safely home from the butcher's, to be rewarded with a small bone or piece, which he would eat with a conscious air of integrity. He was peaceable and paid little attention to the insults of other dogs. Only twice did his patience give way. Once, in passing a store, another Newfoundland dog made hostile advances, when Colonel deposited his basket on the ground, and a battle royal followed. When finally he had

howls. Poor Colonel! as he grew older, he grew jealous of the attentions paid by the captain to his own wife, and could not bear to see him touch or caress her; he would growl and manifest great displeasure. One afternoon, returning to tea, the captain playfully and unthinkingly tapped his wife on the arm; in a moment he was prostrate on the floor, with Colonel at his throat. He was rescued with difficulty, and poor Colonel banished. Of his end I know not, but he fared no worse than many other veterans of our late war do now.

By the way, what a variety of character is to be seen in the faces of our canine friends. To a careful observer it is almost as interesting as the reading of

the faces in a crowd of human beings. There is something in pictures like "The Puppy Class," or "The Dogs' School," which holds our close attention. There is a charm about the portrayal of animal life which never fails to arouse a sympathy, inborn, with the animal world around us. Each has a secret to tell us.

One of the best cures for pessimism is a trip to a Zoölogical Garden, if there is one within reach. Here the children abound, with their bright faces and happy voices. How they revel in the antics of the monkeys! The chimpanzee, or the orang-outang, is sure to be surrounded by an interested throng; while the exclamation "How natural!" is frequently heard.

Monkey mothers are tender to their little ones, and scenes like that the artist has portrayed are not infrequent. Indian natives say that when monkey babies die, their mothers often go mad, and that, in their affection, they occasionally squeeze their offspring to death. In their wild state, they will carry the dried and dead body of the little one for weeks, nursing and petting it as if alive.

A walk through the ground richly repays the visitor, as he views the varied collection of animal life. Scarcely

second in popularity to the monkey house is the lion and tiger house, and when feeding time comes it easily passes to the front rank. The other day, when on a visit it gave one a queer feeling to see these animals in their large out-of-door cages. As they lay crouching in the grass, or paced restlessly to and fro, one thought what it would be if exposed to their approach. The mental impression is very different from that obtained by viewing them in the narrow confines of the ordinary cage. And the mind turns back to the times depicted by the artist in "The Last Prayer." Wholly unarmed, or furnished with weapons solely that their torments might be protracted, the condemned were bound to stakes and exposed to famished beasts. In the fierce persecutions of the Christians many a company of men, women and children were exposed to the hungry and savage animals; while, as they lay bleeding and torn, the populace shouted in joy. The same savage instinct survives in the modern Spanish, or Mexican bull-fights, and in the cock-mains, and dog-fights so popular with a certain class of sports and politicians, to say nothing of the brutal prize-fights, whose disgusting details fill the columns of leading newspapers from time to time.



"THE LAST PRAYER."

DOROTHY.

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCOFF (MARY WILSON).

I.

IT was a queer, many-gabled, old house, with quaint dormer windows, and high-shouldered chimneys, and little latticed porches. So overrun were the brick walls with ivy that the old house seemed to have grown up out of the ground, as the twisted, mossy, old trees about it had done.

The walls of the large garden were bordered with hardy shrubs that had long since taken upon themselves the dignity of real trees. The rose vines, left to their own sweet will, had climbed the lattice many years ago, and were resting about the windows that jutted out like staring eyes from the gray roof.

The sunshine paid short visits to the flowers in the old garden, leaving them before the day was fairly begun to the shadows they had learned to love.

And it was here that sweet Dorothy Dare had been born eighteen years ago. Aunt Patty could scarcely believe that it had been so long. It seemed only yesterday since her pretty sister Ruth had gone on a visit to a cousin in Philadelphia, where she forgot her simple religion and her faithful lover, and ran away with an Englishman. She had written home, and when six years had passed she came back a widow, and then little Dorothy had been born, and pretty, faithless Ruth died, leaving the wee, helpless baby in Aunt Patty's strong arms. And then a letter came to Aunt Patty from John Walton, and because he was dying, and because Ruth had been false to him, Aunt Patty took the baby in her arms and went to see him. She came back in two weeks with John's son, little curly-headed, brown-eyed Dennis. For John had allowed a pretty western girl to console him. They were both dead, and Aunt Patty had two children to love and care for.

From the first Dennis had worshiped

the dainty little girl, so it happened that pretty Dorothy could not remember the beginning of his devotion. It seemed to her just as natural as the sunshine that crept between the thick leaves of the old trees to rest upon her, or the perfume of the flowers that floated up from the sweet, old garden.

And Dennis looked upon her with loving, reverent eyes as a veritable gift from God. No one ever disputed his right to her. It was always understood that she belonged to him. It seemed just and right to Aunt Patty, who, never having had a romance of her own, made much of pretty Ruth's love affair.

No one had ever spoken to Dorothy about marriage. It had never seemed necessary to do that. Dennis had always been satisfied to have things as they were, and Aunt Patty had gone quietly on filling the big cedar chest upstairs with spotless linen and the filmy laces, a love for which was the one weakness that she permitted herself to indulge in.

Dorothy seemed very young to her. Marriage for these two was somewhere among the things that would happen in the far away, after awhile.

And the town people knew very little of Dorothy. Aunt Patty went among them and was one of them, but somehow it had seemed best to keep Dorothy to herself. And so the girl went to meeting with Dennis and her aunt, and now and then Aunt Patty took her to a solemn tea, or gathered about her in the quaint, lovely old parlor a few quiet young people, who listened awe-stricken at Dorothy's wonderful performances on the slim-legged old piano that a worldly-minded cousin had given to her mother when she was a child.

Dorothy had been made, as the birds are, all ready to sing.

Here and there she picked up her tunes, some of them she had made herself, fitting words to them out of her own

mind. Her fingers found their way along the keys as the water of a brook finds the places that make splashes and gurgles and ripples; as the winds find the right keys among the leaves and flowers and grasses.

But none of these young people ever chatted to Dorothy as they chatted among themselves, and so she had grown up simple and natural and unaffected as the flowers she loved.

And now she was eighteen, and her beauty was beyond compare. A tiny little maiden she was, her sunny head just reaching half way between her lover's elbow and shoulder, for Dennis was all of six feet. There was a dainty, flower-like grace about her that was all the more apparent because of the plain little frocks she wore. She had a wild rose complexion, purple pansy eyes, and hair yellow as the sunshine and fine as silk. Hair that in spite of Aunt Patty's careful braiding, twisted itself into rebellious curls all about her pretty forehead and her little pink ears. And much as she fought against them, in her secret heart Aunt Patty loved every curling yellow hair of them all.

But the charm of Dorothy's lovely face lay about the perfect lips. No words can describe that little smiling mouth with the dimples tucked in all about it, and the white teeth gleaming like pearls between the full red lips, and never was a child more unconscious of its beauty.

Big, humble, manly Dennis looked at her sometimes almost holding his breath when he realized for a moment that she really belonged to him, that some day he should kiss those beautiful lips and hold that dainty form in his arms.

For Dennis was too reverent, too humble to claim any of the privileges that lovers usually look upon as theirs. When he went away to school five years ago he had kissed the little girl who had been crying for a week because he was going. But when he came home he simply held the tiny white hand she held out to him, while he told her how glad he was to be at home again.

"But thee is not so glad to see me, Dennis; why will thee not kiss me?" she had asked, and Dennis had laughed

and pressed her little hand to his mustached lips, and half-wondering she gave her place to Aunt Patty, and the home-coming was over.

Dorothy was singing softly one of her own songs, her fingers creeping slowly over the yellow keys. Dennis passed the door and went to Aunt Patty who sat near the rose-covered lattice beautifying a spotless linen table cloth with her perfect darning.

She looked up when she heard Dennis coming toward her, a smile of welcome on her placid face. But the smile faded when she saw him pale and ghastly before her.

"What ails thee, Dennis? Sit here and tell me all about it. Is thee ill, my boy?"

The white linen fell down among the bits of swaying sunshine and shadow on the floor.

"Oh, how can I tell you, Aunt Patty! I persuaded you, but I meant well," he said, half sobbing.

"Thee always means well, Dennis. But meaning well cannot keep misfortune away," she said simply.

"No. It is doing well that must do that," he answered, covering his face with his hands.

"It isn't always easy to know a misfortune, Dennis. Tell me what trouble has overtaken thee."

"The—the venture has failed. All the money is lost. The mortgage takes the old place!"

Aunt Patty's face was drawn and white. She understood. She had yielded to her boy's entreaties and allowed him to invest her little fortune with the money his father had left him. She had even mortgaged her home, and now it had all failed. It was all gone. For awhile she sat quite still with deep lines about her closely shut lips. Dennis waited.

Presently she gathered up the fallen linen from the floor and looked up at Dennis. The lines were gone from her plain face. It was sweet and patient and serene once more just as the meadows beyond them were after last night's storm.

"It is night, Dennis. I ought

have taken up with the world's ways. Thee has done me no harm, my boy. It matters little where one's life is spent if it be spent in doing good. Did thee call to ask after Hester's baby?" she said calmly.

Dennis shook his head. Hester's baby seemed of no importance to him.

Aunt Patty went quietly on with her exquisite darning. The little tinkling sounds of the piano and Dorothy's clear sweet voice mingled with them came out to him as he sat there looking at the woman he had made poor.

A calm smile had gathered itself about her patient mouth, and shone with a strange light from her steadfast gray eyes.

"It will be a year before the house can be taken," he said, his deep voice trembling and tears in his honest brown eyes.

"Yes, I know," she said, simply.

"And in that time perhaps I can make it up," he went on.

"How?" she asked, looking up, surprised.

"I must go away. Where other men are digging fortunes from the earth there may be one waiting for me."

"This is worse than all," she said, her lips quivering piteously.

"I know it," he said, quickly folding her in his arms; "but you can see that for Dorothy's sake it is best."

"Yes; for her sake. She must not know want. She is not meant for that. For her sake, Dennis, we will try. I will let thee go, and here at home I will do what can be done. And together, with the blessing of Heaven, we will make life smooth for the child's little feet. They were not made for rough walking. I will tell her that thee is going, and thee need not know the rest."

The music ceased, and little feet came pattering down the hall. Dennis stood pulling at the rose vines and Aunt Patty went quietly on with her work.

"I didn't know thee had come, Dennis," Dorothy said, sinking down in the hammock that Dennis had hung for her.

"Yes, and brings news," Aunt Patty said brightly. "It is right that he shall leave the home nest for awhile, Dorothy."

"Is thee going away, Dennis?" Dorothy asked, looking wonderingly at him.

"For a little while, Dorothy," he answered.

She sat quite still, and Dennis went on scattering rose petals about his feet.

Aunt Patty folded the table-cloth and taking her work basket went away.

"Dorothy, you'll be waiting for me till I come home?" Dennis asked, going over and leaning against the post to which the foot of the hammock was hung.

"Waiting and wishing that every day might bring thee," she answered, looking with great earnest eyes up to his face.

"You love me, don't you, little Dorothy?" he asked, as his hand trembled on the hammock which he tried to steady.

"Why, yes, dearly, dearly, Dennis." But no flush came to her cheek as she answered, and her eyes without faltering met his own.

"Dorothy, you are eighteen now. When I come home you will be a woman. You are going to be my wife then, are you not?"

"Yes, sometime, of course; but why is thee going away? Why not stay?" she asked, still looking at him with great, childlike eyes.

"It must be so," Dennis said, a feeling of disappointment sinking down into his heart.

"Dorothy," he went on, after a while, "do you know that a wife must love her husband more than all the world beside? Can you do that?"

"Why, I hope I do not love the world at all, Dennis, and thee would always expect me to divide equally between Aunt Patty and thee. When we are married I shall speak like thee, and join thy church."

Dennis sighed.

"I shall be going to-night. This is the last afternoon we shall have together," he said.

Tears sprang to her eyes, and her lips quivered.

"It is hard to let thee go. Is it far?"

"Yes; to California. That is a long, long way. I shall not be able to hear

from you for weeks," he said, sorrowfully, watching the pain in her face with strange joy.

But Dennis was not selfish, and his heart smote him. With a little laugh he threw the subject aside, and begged Dorothy to sing to him.

They went into the beautiful old parlor, and Dorothy sang. Suddenly she turned from the little old piano, and buried her face in her hands. Tears crept between her fingers and splashed down on the gray frock.

"Oh, Dennis, dear Dennis, I shall never be able to live with thee gone away. I shall not sing ever any more until thee is here with me again, for I think my heart is breaking because of thy going."

And Dennis took her little cold hands and held them against his madly-beating heart, while a strange joy thrilled him.

Two hours later they were on the steps with Aunt Patty, and he kissed one of the little hands and went away.

Dorothy watched him until the tall shrubbery hid him from view, and then she went up to her little chamber and watched him again as he went slowly along the road that led to the little railway town, four miles away.

Again and again he looked back, and Dorothy waved her little handkerchief from the dormer. He saw it, and answered. But at last a turn in the road took him from her sight, and he was really gone.

Aunt Patty left Dorothy alone. She had never had a lover, but she was a woman, and she knew that if ever a sweetheart had belonged to her she would have wanted to cry all alone over his going away.

So Dorothy cried until her eyes ached, and then she crept down to the garden, and walked along between the tall shrubs.

Beyond the garden lay the old apple orchard, and Dorothy wandered on through that. The gate leading out to the woods was open, and she passed on through it. Presently the tiny patches of sunshine faded from between the long evening shadows, and the trees began to toss their branches wildly. Dorothy knew nothing of the heavy cloud that had been coming up. The cool wind was

pleasant to her heated face, and she wandered slowly on farther from home. At last the forest seemed to have gone mad. The wind moaned and shrieked among the trees, and every leaf was all a-flutter with excitement. And then suddenly, as if at the command of some mighty power, all was still. Not a leaf moved; not a sound broke the deep silence. A dash of rain flung itself into Dorothy's face, and she looked up startled. In an instant the storm would be upon her.

Just in front of her was a frail shanty, put up years ago by men working in the woods. Dorothy hurried to it, and the storm burst in all its fury. Vivid lightnings flashed, and deep thunder rolled and crashed as if the very foundations of heaven itself were giving way.

Dorothy stood with bated breath in the centre of the frail little house. She held her head a little forward, shielding her eyes from the lightning's livid glare with one little hand, a strange smile hovering about her lips. For Dorothy was not afraid. This was nature's grandest anthem, and she listened to it with a joy that no words could express.

It was thus that Gene Berkley saw her as he sprang from the blinding rain to the shelter of the old shanty.

He stopped suddenly, looking in amazement at her. She had neither seen nor heard him, but was listening intently to the last vibrating echoes of a grand peal of thunder.

"I hope I am not intruding," Gene said, taking off his dripping hat and bowing.

"Why, no; thee is dripping wet!"

"Yes, I could find no shelter until this. A little of this kind of rain goes a long way," he said, looking ruefully at the little pools of water about his feet.

She smiled, and stepped nearer to the door, and the light that had been struggling with the clouds, fell full upon her.

Gene held his breath.

"I wish thee could have reached the shelter sooner," she said.

"Were you afraid all alone?"

"I? Oh, no," she said, smiling. "But thee is dripping wet! If thee is from the hotel over in town it will be a long time to wear wet clothing."

"Yes," he said, "but there is no help for it."

"I was thinking that thee might go home with me. Aunt Patty will lend thee some of Dennis's clothes."

"I thank you more than I can say. Will you tell me your name?"

He took from his pocket a somewhat damp card and handed it to her.

She read the name and then said simply, "I am Dorothy Dare. Will thee go with me now? The rain is over."

"I am glad to accept your kind invitation, Miss Dare," he said, following her from the shanty out under the shining, dripping trees.

"We are Friends," she said, looking back. "People call me Dorothy."

Gene walked along beside her to the quaint old house where Aunt Patty and her hand maiden, Rachel, did everything to make him comfortable.

Dorothy went up to her little chamber with a heart strangely lightened of its burden. It seemed a long long time since she had waved her handkerchief to Dennis from the dormer window!

II.

Aunt Patty and her guest were chatting over the breakfast table when Dorothy came down.

Gene's dark face lighted up when he saw her, and a little flush crept up to Dorothy's white forehead.

"Child, thee brought me an old friend," Aunt Patty said. "Not that I knew Eugene himself, but once I spent a winter in the South, and there I met his mother. She was a girl then. Somehow we were drawn to each other, and I am glad to have my old friend's son under my roof. Thee does not live in the South now?"

"Not since the war," Gene said.

"I remember that I liked it down there; but it must be changed greatly now," Aunt Patty said.

"Yes, it is greatly changed," Gene answered.

"I'm so glad to see you and thank you again for your kindness to me," he went on, turning to Dorothy.

"Thee is quite welcome," she said simply.

"We were glad to have thee as much for our own sakes as for thine, for Dennis has just left us and we were lonely indeed. So thee conferred a favor by coming and by spending a little time with us."

"I am glad if my presence has really been a pleasure to you, but I would like to do some real service, if I might," Gene said earnestly.

"Perhaps thee may," Aunt Patty said, and then, when Gene begged to know in what way he might serve her, she told him of her plan to take city boarders for the summer, and asked him to assist her in securing them. "I know so little of these things," she said.

Then Gene begged that he might be one of the boarders, and Aunt Patty consented; and so the unbroken quiet of the old place fled away.

The first boarder that Aunt Patty's advertisement brought was a little, faded, tired-out school teacher. Poor little worn-out Polly Ellison found her way straight to Aunt Patty's kind heart, and when Aunt Patty saw the pale cheeks growing plump and rosy, and the dull eyes losing their languor, she thought that after all her misfortune meant good to someone. After Polly Ellison came a nurse with a bevy of children, and two fussy old gentlemen, and then the house was full.

It was a new life to Dorothy. Somehow she had forgotten to miss Dennis.

She was in the garden with Gene when Rachel brought his first letter to her. She took it and held it unopened in her hands.

"I hope you have good news," Gene said.

"I hope so; this is from Dennis."

"Who is Dennis?" he asked.

"It seems very strange that anyone should know me and not know Dennis. He has always lived with us. He is in the west now. I am going to marry him when he comes home," she said, with simple dignity.

"And when is he coming home?"

"Oh, he is only just gone."

"I suppose you are impatient to read your love-letter," said Gene.

"It isn't one, I think. It couldn't

be, coming from Dennis. He isn't like the lovers one reads of in books."

"Perhaps he isn't one at all."

"Yes, he is."

"If I went away and wrote to you would you hold my letter like that? Wouldn't you read it at once, and, Dorothy, don't you know it would be a love-letter?"

She stood trembling before him, her eyes on the ground.

"Dorothy, I don't know who this Dennis of yours is, but I do know that he shall never claim you. I love you, little girl. The world hasn't been good to me, and I thought I had finished with all things belonging to happiness, but I find my heart alive again. It is you who has called it back to life. It belongs to you, Dorothy. Don't send me away for the cold-blooded lover who cannot write you a love-letter. Look at me and tell me which one it is that you love."

But her eyes were lowered, and the letter trembled in her hands. At last it fell to the ground, and Gene took her hands and drew her to him.

"Is it fair? Is it right?" she asked him.

"Ask your own heart, Dorothy. Shall I leave you and let Dennis come and take an unloving wife? Who would be happier because of it? Ah, no; I shall not give you up. Not if a thousand men claimed you. You are mine because you love me. Is it not true, Dorothy?"

Still she trembled in his arms.

"Tell me that you do not love me, and I will go and leave you to Dennis. Look up and tell me that."

But she hid her face on his breast.

"I cannot," she said.

"You won't send me away?"

"No."

"I may stay and love you?"

"Oh, Gene, thee is older than I am; thee should know better than I what is right. Suppose Dennis treated me like this?"

"If you loved him better than you love me I should be the last to blame him."

"It would be wrong to marry him when all my heart belongs to thee."

"It would indeed," Gene said, joyously.

"Dennis would want me to be happy," she said, taking up the fallen letter. "I can write it all to him, and he can tell Aunt Patty. She will be so disappointed. I have always belonged to Dennis, and I didn't know there was another kind of love until—until—"

"Until when, darling?" as she flushed rosy red and stopped, confused, ashamed to go on.

"Until I saw thee," she finished, sweetly, and again Gene held her close to him.

"Then give yourself to me, Dorothy. Promise me now."

"I do," she said, simply.

"After awhile she read the letter. It was like Dennis. It was not a love-letter; only a kind friendly little message from the lonely man far away from all he held dear.

"Poor, faithful Dennis," she said, softly. "How hard it is to give him pain. He will think of me first; I know that. If thee knew him, Gene, thee would be sorry for him."

"I am sorry for him," Gene said, kissing the little sorrowful mouth.

"Who knows better than I how to pity him? Ah, Dorothy, if he loves you as I do, ten thousand worlds like this could not make up his loss to him! Sorry for him? Yes, I am sorry for him. But he hasn't lost as much as I should lose if I gave you up to him. You did not love him, Dorothy. How could I leave you loving you as I do and knowing that you love me? I have never loved any woman as I love you, darling. My life has been one long disappointment. The freshness of youth and the hope of a young man are gone from me. You are all that I have. This boy who would have you wait for his coming, has all his life before him. He is young; he will forget. If you loved him I should not try to win your love from him, but before I showed you my heart, little one, I knew that you belonged to me. And no one shall take you from me, for you are mine, mine!"

She listened with her heart beating fast, and a happy, tremulous smile on her beautiful lips. This was so different from

the quiet love-making to which she had been accustomed.

Little Polly Ellison called to her from the rose arbor, and Gene kissed her and let her go. Polly wondered at the scarlet flush on the girl's cheek and the glorious light in her eyes.

Aunt Patty wondered, too, when they were all gathered together about the tea-table, but when Dorothy slipped the letter into her hand, poor Aunt Patty wondered no longer. A letter from Dennis would account for any amount of brightness.

One after another the long, beautiful days flew by. The evenings began to be crisp and cool. Scarlet and yellow leaves began to flutter down. The summer boarders watched them ruefully. The fussy old men went first; then the nurse with the bevy of children, and then Polly Ellison. But Gene lingered. Dorothy was waiting for the letter from Dennis which was to release her. But no letter came. Day after day passed; week followed week, but no letter came from the far west. Aunt Patty grew thin from anxiety.

Dorothy decided that it might be best to tell her all. It was not like Dennis to be silent from pique or jealousy, but it must be that disappointment had changed him. She was so sure that he would write her a kind letter, generously giving her back her freedom. This letter she would read to Aunt Patty, and all would be well. But no such letter came, and Gene was impatient. So, finding Aunt Patty alone in the parlor, one evening, Gene told her, while Dorothy knelt blushing and frightened at her feet.

Aunt Patty listened to it all quietly. The lines that Dennis had seen about her lips found their places again as the story went on, but she listened to the end. Then she stood up before them, her plain face all aglow with indignation, her low voice trembling with scorn.

"It is the old story over again. I ought to have been watching for it, but I trusted thee, Dorothy. How could thee deceive me so?"

"How could I help it? What guard can a woman set over her heart? How can it be safe until it is wholly won? This love came to me, Aunt Patty; I

knew nothing of it—knew not that there existed such love until I found it in my heart. How could I be true to the promise I made Dennis? Whose fault it is, or whether it be a fault, I know not. I am not to blame, for if I gave my body to Dennis, after my heart has given itself to Gene, then should I be sinning, indeed."

Dorothy had risen to her feet and stood white and trembling when she had finished speaking.

"And I trusted thee!" Aunt Patty said, turning to Gene. "What evil thing have I done that my faith should fasten itself upon unworthy objects? Why has thee come here breaking up the quiet of my home? Why has thee stolen another man's wife from him, and filled a silly girl's mind with wicked thoughts? Nay, do not answer. I would that I may not hear again the sound of thy voice."

Then turning to Dorothy she went on, "When thee is ready to repent of thy sinfulness, and to turn thy heart to Dennis again, come to me in my chamber. Until the comes repentant, come not at all."

Slowly she left them and went up stairs.

"Dorothy, will you go to her or come to me?"

"If only I might tell her good-bye—if only I might thank her!"

"But she forbids that. Decide, my darling. Shall I go alone?"

She held out her hands to him.

"I cannot let thee go," she said.

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes. I will give up everything for thee. I will try to speak like thee, I will be like thee, for I am thine."

"Then we must go away now, darling." He picked up her bonnet and gave it to her.

"I am ready," she said, and they passed out from the quaint old house, and walked down the garden path to the front gate.

Rachel was in the hall. She had heard something of what had passed.

"I promised Ruth to take care of thee, little one. There can be no good-bye between thee and me. Whither thou goest I must go."

And presently Rachel left the house with a bundle under her arm.

Gene and Dorothy were seated in the car when Rachel came quietly in and sat down behind them.

"Why, Rachel!" Dorothy exclaimed.

"It is I. I am going with thee, I can serve thee in thy new home. It is a promise to Ruth that I am keeping."

Gene thanked the good woman for her faithful love, and Dorothy cried a little at this reminder of the old times.

At the first change of cars Rachel quietly took charge of her mistress, seating herself beside her with a quiet dignity, and looking after her wants.

Dorothy had never been on the cars before, and this night journey was so different from anything that had ever come into her simple life. She was glad to have plain, honest Rachel beside her.

Gene left them at a hotel while he went out to make arrangements for the marriage. Rachel dusted Dorothy's little gray frock, and smoothed her rebellious curls.

Everything was ready at last, and Gene came for his bride. His dark face was aglow with joy, as they walked to the church, Rachel following respectfully.

For the first time in her life Dorothy heard music. She stopped breathless at the church door as the grand organ pealed forth its glorious notes.

"Come, my darling," Gene whispered.

"Oh, it is so beautiful!"

They stopped before the altar, and Dorothy listened to the solemn words, and repeated the vows that bound her to the man at her side, forever.

The minister's voice trembled as he blessed her, she was so young and so wondrously beautiful, and she seemed so friendless and alone. Rachel stood quite still until it was all over. Then she kissed the tiny wedding ring that shone on the small white hand, and drew a deep breath of relief.

Turning to Gene she said quietly, "May the Lord bless thee both, and help me, thy servant, to serve thee faithfully and well."

It was a beautiful little nest to which

Gene carried his wife and her servant. Dorothy almost screamed when her fingers touched the keys of the handsome piano.

"Oh, Gene, the world can't be wicked; it is so lovely—so nearly what I thought heaven was like!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about her husband's neck.

"And my little wife is happy with me?" he asked, taking her in his arms.

"I've been wondering if such happiness can last. It is perfect."

She pushed back his dark, gray-streaked hair, and kissed his forehead.

"You have not always been happy, Gene," she said, smoothing the lines from his forehead, and smiling as he laughed at her hesitating "you."

"Not always," he said gravely, "but I can forget it now that I have you."

"I keep wondering what a big, handsome man, who must have known so much of the world's fair women, could want with a simple little girl like me. I am almost ashamed to be so little and ignorant."

Gene laughed. "Little and ignorant as you are, I wouldn't exchange you for all things else in earth or sky."

A rap at the door interrupted the married lovers. In answer to Gene's "come in" Rachel entered and held out a card to Dorothy.

"Why, it is Polly! How glad I am!" Dorothy exclaimed, and tucking her hand in Gene's arm, they went down to see the little teacher.

"I live quite near," Polly explained, "and yesterday I caught a glimpse of Dorothy on this street, so I just hunted you down. And so you are married? I thought it would end that way. How is Aunt Patty?"

Dorothy said she had left her quite well, and after a while Polly went away.

Gene kissed Dorothy good-bye and went down town. She watched him down to the corner, and threw him a kiss when he turned to look back at her.

Gene went on down the street smiling as he thought of the little arms that were waiting to clasp him, and the pretty dimpled face that would flush rosy red at his coming. The world was very fair to

him. His life had found a safe haven at last. A great thrill of thankfulness trembled through his heart.

The autumn winds were tugging at the naked trees, and little flurries of half-frozen rain flung themselves at him. But in his heart the May sun was shining. His winters were past; the summer of happiness had dawned for him.

"Am I to believe my eyes?" said a fat little gentleman, stopping squarely in front of him.

"And am I to believe that this is Dr. Briggs?" Gene laughed.

"Well, I used to think so, but I can hardly believe anything now. I thought, my boy, that you were at the bottom of the ocean ten years ago."

"In that at least, you were mistaken."

"And you are Gene Berkley?"

"Yes."

"Well, my boy, I'm glad to see you. Why have you kept away from home?"

"I have no home," Gene said, turning in to a restaurant, and motioning the doctor to follow him.

"Gene, where have you been?" the doctor said, taking a seat and looking across the table at his companion.

"Everywhere. I made money in Australia, and I have been roving. I came to America in the spring."

"And you are on your way home. It is time you settled down at Cedarwood. The old man will be glad to see you. He grieved for you, Gene, and regretted those threats of disinheritance, and he is so fond of Celeste—"

"What are saying, man? Are you a madman or a fool?" Gene said, springing to his feet, and glaring down at the astonished little man.

"Why, I hope I'm neither, Gene. What I say is true. Your uncle was grieved, and he is good to your wife, and why you are not is what is puzzling me now."

"My wife? Celeste?"

"Why have you not been with her all these years, Gene? She is one of the best of women."

"My wife!" Gene's face was white and drawn, "and I must go to her—she is alive." He brushed his hand across his face, and rising slowly went out. He found his lawyer's office after awhile, and spoke a few words to him in his private room.

"I can't decide yet," he said when he was leaving. "The shock is too new."

And Dorothy waited, and at last a note came from the lawyer.

Her husband had been called suddenly to the South.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A LITTLE HERO.

BY EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

PLEASE, sir, does yeh want teh buy—
“I want nothing. Get away from here as quickly as you know how.”

Mr. Williams spoke with unusual harshness. He had a headache, and was trying to rest, and this was the third peddler who had disturbed him within an hour. He was about to shut the door in the face of the ragged little questioner on the broad stone step, when he was interrupted by a soft voice from the sitting-room.

“Don’t send him away, George. He is my little peddler. Come right in, Jack!”

The boy’s face brightened, and, pushing past the man in the doorway, he stepped into the wide hall. Taking off his battered hat, he bowed awkwardly to the lady who had come to meet him.

“Why, Jack!” she exclaimed, “your baskets are too heavy. Don’t you know that you should not carry such loads?”

“Twon’t hurt me none,” replied Jack, standing the baskets on the floor of the dainty sitting-room to which the lady had ushered him, and looking up with a bright smile on his pleasant, freckled face. “There haint nothin’ as can hurt me,” he added, with boyish braggadocio, lifting both baskets with one hand, to show his strength, and almost staggering under the load.

“What a way to talk!” replied Mrs. Williams. “You are straight as an arrow, now, Jack, but you will be as crooked as the letter S some day, if you are not more careful of yourself. See there,” turning his head so that he could see his reflection in a long mirror, “that boy would not look very well if he could not throw his head back, would he?”

Jack saw two figures—his own, ragged, dirty, awkward; hers, graceful, beautiful, clad in soft robes of spotless white.

“Don’t!” he said, sharply, turning his head away. “I look a heap wusser nor I think for.”

“You’re very straight, Jack, and that

is fine for a man. Some day you will learn how to keep yourself nice, and then you will not object to standing beside me. Now, let me see what you have in your baskets. I noticed, this morning, that my black pins were nearly all gone.”

“Come here, my dear, if you please,” called a voice from another room. “I wish to speak with you before I go down town.”

Mrs. Williams excused herself as gracefully as she would have done had Jack been a fine gentleman, and went into the adjoining room, where her husband awaited her. The rooms were separated by heavy silken curtains, and, although the gentleman and lady spoke in low tones, Jack’s quick ear caught every word.

“You should be more careful, Lotta, about giving such characters the freedom of the house.”

“I discriminate, George. Jack is not an ordinary street urchin, I assure you.”

“Nonsense. There isn’t much choice between them, I fancy. Well, you must hurry back, or he may walk off with your valuables. I just thought I’d warn you.”

“You can not read character in faces, can you, George? I would trust that boy as quickly as I would trust myself. Honor and truth are written all over his face, if I am any judge.”

“Oh, well, my dear, I presume you’ll learn better sometime than to trust everyone who has a pretty face. Meantime, I hope nothing very bad will result from your peculiar way of amusing yourself. Good-bye, little wife.”

Mrs. Williams returned to the pleasant room where Jack stood gazing, sullenly, from the window. She was afraid he had heard, and she was sorry.

“I have kept you waiting,” she said, “and so I must compensate you. You shall have lunch with me.”

She rang the bell, and asked the girl who answered it to bring milk and sandwiches for two.

"If yeh please, ma'am," interrupted Jack, proudly, "I'd rather not. I—I haint fit."

"I'm not going to see you as you look to-day, Jack. We will pretend that you are nicely dressed and well educated, just as you are going to be some day, you know. By the way, are you going to evening school, as I asked you to?"

"Yes'm. I goes ev'ry night." Jack's face became full of animation. "The teacher, he says as how I'm l'arnin' powerful. Haint not another one o' the chaps as kin git ahead o' me."

"Isn't that fine! But there! I knew, all the time, just how it would be. Don't you remember what I told you?"

Mrs. Williams could not have spoken with greater enthusiasm, had she been Jack's bosom friend.

"Guess I do! I wouldn't never tried it, if it hadn't been fer you, an' I'd 'a' give it up fust time the chaps laughed at me, if 'twan't that I'd promised you I'd go."

The luncheon was spread on a little table, and Jack was given a chair opposite Mrs. Williams, who showed him what to do with his napkin, and how to wait upon a lady at the table, and gave him many little hints in etiquette that were worth ten times more to him than they would have been if learned in any other way; and it was all done so pleasantly, that the most sensitive boy in the world could not have felt hurt. Mrs. Williams made some enemies by her hesitancy in subscribing to many charities that her set in society made fashionable, and she was regarded rather doubtfully by a few fastidious ladies who had happened to learn of her curious penchant for visiting with the poorer classes. Jack was not the only boy in the city who worshiped Mrs. Williams, yet there were few to whom she had given money, or anything more than encouragement to strive for a higher life.

"Have you finished?" asked Mrs. Williams, when Jack finally pushed back from the little table. "Can you not eat more sandwich? Well, then, I must buy the pins, and then I have an errand down town. You must be sure to come again, next week, for I think I shall need some thread."

A few moments later, a ragged little peddler, with a face so full of happiness that everyone turned to look at it a second time, trudged along the hot pavement, carrying two heavy baskets, and stopping at every door to sell his wares. Jack was so happy that he whistled a merry tune, even when a door had been slammed in his face. He felt that he could afford to have confidence in a boy in whom Mrs. Williams believed, and she had said that he would some day be a fine gentleman, and that he was to be trusted! How beautiful this world would be if there were a few more women in it like Mrs. Williams!

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Williams, when he returned for dinner, "did that boy get away with any of your valuables?"

"Don't joke in that way, please, George. You might do some poor fellow great injustice without meaning it. I believe many boys have become criminals because no one has believed they were good for anything else."

"So do I" Mr. Williams spoke gravely, now. "The trouble is, we can recognize the truth of such statements easier than we can practice what they teach us. I have never thought of it so seriously as I have to-day. I saw your little peddler when he left you, and he looked happier than a prince. His face has been before me all day. Work away, little Lotta! I hope you'll make a fairly decent man of me, some day."

"Oh, George! as if you could be improved."

"A hopeless case, am I?" interrupted Mr. Williams, with a laugh. He was not at all in doubt regarding his wife's opinion of him, but he liked to hear it repeated.

"I'll tell you, George," she said, with sudden earnestness, after she had explained her opinion of him to his entire satisfaction, "I can't help being kind to poor people, like my little peddler, for instance, for I am always thinking that my own brother may be no better off than they, and I should want him to be well treated, you know."

Mrs. Williams had been left an orphan at the age of eight years, and had been

adopted by a wealthy family, who gave her every advantage which an own child could have had. She had one brother three years younger than herself, who had been taken west by a farmer and his wife, and Lotta had never heard from him, although she had tried in various ways to learn of his whereabouts. Beyond the fact that he had run away from the farmer, nothing could be learned.

Jack's home was in one room of a dingy tenement house, with men rougher, dirtier, and raggeder, than are often seen on the streets by daylight. He was looked upon as the property of Big Tom, who, on account of his superior strength, was recognized as leader among the other men.

Big Tom had saved Jack's life when he was a mere baby, by snatching him from under the hoofs of a runaway team. No one knew from where he had come or to whom he belonged. Big Tom had taken a fancy to the laughing child, and so kept him, thinking that, when tired of his playthings, it would be easy enough to run away from him, and allow him to struggle for himself. But instead of running away from Jack, he had become more and more closely attached to him, until now it would be as much as anyone's life was worth to try to take him away.

Big Tom was Jack's only friend, until he had met Mrs. Williams, and had learned to think of her as a friend. He did not tell Big Tom of this new friend, knowing his jealousy, and fearing that he would not let him go to her again.

Jack was unusually thoughtful when he reached home that night. He stood his baskets on the floor in the corner of the room which he had learned to consider his own, because he slept there, then, taking out his shabby little purse, began counting his pennies. He was thinking seriously of buying himself a new cap and a clean shirt, and if his money held out, he did not know but that he might indulge in a paper collar and cravat, to be worn, of course, at such times as he felt himself safe from the observation of Big Tom and his friends. Jack had heard their remarks about men who wore collars, and he

feared their ridicule too much to provoke it, but he very much wanted to look nice the next time he called upon Mrs. Williams. He was so intent on counting his money, that he did not hear Big Tom, when he entered the room, and he was startled, when he suddenly found himself lifted high into the air, and his money taken out of his hand.

"That's how it feels teh be held up," said Big Tom, with a laugh that fitted his name and stature. "Beg, Kid! beg like a good one, an' I'll let yeh go."

"Yeh'll let me go 'thout any beggin', or yeh'll hold me forever," replied Jack, with great determination. He was not a bit afraid of Big Tom, and the huge fellow liked him the better for it.

"Yeh've got the grit," replied Big Tom, standing him on the floor. "Yeh'll make a name one o' these days, as I'll raise the hair on the head of ev'ry tenderfoot, what hears it. There's pullin' on hand fer to-night, Jack, an' yer a goin' teh be in it. The fellers didn't want yeh, but I knowed how crazy yeh was 'bout it, an' I made 'em give yeh a chance."

"I—ahem! I haint so crazy as I mought be," replied Jack nervously. "I wouldn't feel like drownin' myself, if I couldn't go with the fellers."

"Yeh wouldn't! The deuce yeh wouldn't!" Big Tom was disgusted, and his face was not pleasant to see. Jack's nervousness increased. Big Tom sat down, and drew Jack between his knees, where he could look straight into his face. He saw that the time had come when he must have a thorough understanding with this boy whom he had cared for from babyhood.

"Jack," he said, "dye mean teh tell me as how yeh didn't never say yeh'd like teh git money easier'n peddlin'?"

"I said it, Big Tom."

"Was yeh lyin'?"

"No."

Jack wanted to say that he had simply changed his mind, but he did not dare, fearing that explanations might be called for which would lead Big Tom to move to some other city, where he could never again see Mrs. Williams.

"An' haint yeh never wanted teh go with me o' nights?" asked Big Tom.

"Yep."

"Wa'al, then, what yeh talkin' 'bout, anyhow?"

"I haint talkin'," replied Jack, with an audacity that pleased his companion; "yeh've had a corner on the tongue-waggin' business for the last hour."

Big Tom looked relieved. This reply was more in keeping with Jack's previous character, and he felt satisfied that the boy was all right.

"Jack," he said, "the job's cut-an'-dried, and yeh've got a part teh play, an' see to it that yeh do it well. When Big Tom says as how a feller kin do a job in good shape, he's got teh do it, or give some mighty good reason fer failin'. I've been bettin' on yeh, Jack. Yeh might as well know it now as any time, an' if I lose my bet, me'an' you won't be friends no more."

Jack was then told of the work to be done that night. It was the intention to rob the jewelry store of Williams & Heath, and Jack was to play quite an important part. He listened without speaking, and his heart grew very heavy as the plan was unfolded. There had been a time when he would have been delighted to be taken into partnership in such a business; but that was before he had known Mrs. Williams. Jack was very unhappy. He did not know what he ought to do. It seemed to him that it would be mean to betray a man who had been as good to him as Big Tom had always been. He might pretend to be sick, and stay at home, but he would be considered a coward, just the same, and Big Tom hated a coward. And there was the bet! Would it be right for him to let his friend lose money on him? But the store to be robbed belonged to Mrs. Williams' husband.

"She'll never know, though," thought Jack, "an' it'll serve old Williams jist right! It'll give me a chance teh git even with him fer what he said 'bout me."

"*I would trust him as quickly as I would trust myself.*"

How plainly the words sounded in Jack's ears! Could Mrs. Williams be behind him? He turned his head, but

saw only the bright eyes of Big Tom glaring at him from under his shaggy brows.

"Yeh look zif yeh was scared plumb teh death," said Big Tom, contemptuously. "If I'd 'a' thunk 'as how yeh'd be sich a coward, I'd 'a' throwed yeh inter the river, long ago."

"There haint nobody what's a coward, as I knows of," replied Jack, fiercely. "Yeh don't know what yer talkin' 'bout. I'll—I'll punch yer eyes, if yeh say that ag'in!"

Big Tom laughed, but he watched Jack closely all through the long hours which must pass before they could start for the scene of action. He was not surprised that the lad showed nervousness, remembering how he, himself, had felt when he started on his first work of the kind. It never occurred to him that Jack might have another reason than that of fear, for not wishing to engage in the task set for him.

"I can't do it," thought Jack, after what seemed to him to be weeks of thinking. "I jist can't! She's been good teh me, an' she said as how she'd trust me, an'—Oh, Lord, how kin I git out o' doin' it, when Big Tom's been good longer nor she has!"

It certainly was not an easy problem for the little lad to solve, and the Great Helper, on whom he called so unconsciously, must have been very near him at that moment. Jack had thrown himself down on the old mattress where he slept, and his hand, which was thrown over the edge, happened to touch a tiny gilded pencil, which was tied by a white ribbon to a printed program. Mrs. Williams had brought it home from a ball and given it to him, and he had treasured it carefully.

Big Tom and his companions were whiling away the time of waiting over a game of cards, and Jack knew that they would not be likely to notice him should he write a few words on his card, for he often spent his spare time in writing. An idea had occurred to him, which almost took his breath away. Turning over under the dirty blanket, he rested himself on his elbow, and began his task. It was not an easy position, but he man-

aged to write the following words so that they were fairly legible:

"Cop, plees foller; thare's tue be pullin'."

The card was then tucked into the pocket of his ragged vest, and Jack breathed easier. The nervousness was quite gone from his face, now, for he had decided what to do.

"Come on, Kid," called Big Tom, a few moments later, and Jack arose without a word, and followed his friend into the street. The other two men had taken different directions to the jewelry store. They had ascertained that the policeman who usually had that beat, had been taken suddenly ill in the afternoon, and that a new man was to take his place. They knew just when the new man might be expected to pass the building, and about how long it would take them to accomplish their purpose. They felt sure of getting a very rich booty, with but little trouble.

Jack had listened closely to their plans, and knew that Big Tom expected to pass a policeman near the city bank building. That was but two blocks ahead, and Jack's heart beat fast, for on that policeman's quickness of comprehension depended all his hopes of success.

"Don't pay no partickler 'tention to the cop, when we pass him," said Big Tom, in an undertone.

There, in the full glare of the electric light, stood the policeman. Jack was afraid that his heart was thumping loudly enough to be heard by his companion. He walked steadily along, keeping step with Big Tom, but with his eyes fixed on the policeman's face. The hand farthest from Big Tom held the little bit of pasteboard, with the pencil attached. As he passed the policeman, he looked him full in the face, slowly closed one eye in a warning wink, then dropped the card, and went on without turning his head. How he wished he might know if it had been noticed! It required great self-control to walk on as if nothing had happened, but he did it.

"Jam up, Kid!" exclaimed Big Tom, in a low voice. "Yeh got by him in great shape."

Jack said nothing. The compliment

made him feel guilty. He dared not look his friend in the face.

The jewelry shop was reached exactly on time. The skeleton key fitted into the lock of a door in the rear, with the most gratifying ease. Then, for the first time, it occurred to Jack that harm might come to Big Tom through what he had done. Suppose he should be locked up in jail for life! The thought was appalling.

"Oh, Big Tom, Big Tom," he whispered, "let's not do it till to-morrow."

By way of reply, Big Tom struck him a cruel blow on the side of the head, and ordered him not to speak again, or he would kill him. It was the first time he had struck the boy, and Jack's heart was nearly broken. Big Tom had lost his bet on Jack's bravery and he was angry, not so much for the loss of the money, however, as in this exhibition of weakness on the part of the boy he had raised.

One man remained outside the door, to act as guard. When the others had closed the door behind them they found themselves in a dark little entry, which communicated with an inner door having a transom. The glass in the transom was quickly broken, and Jack was lifted up, that he might climb through, jump down on the other side, and pull back the heavy bar which fastened the door. Jack made several attempts before he succeeded in pulling the bar out of place. He began to fear that his card had not been noticed, and that his companions would be allowed to rob the store un molested.

At last the door was opened, and Big Tom entered the room with Surly Dave.

"Hark!" whispered the former.

There was a sound of hurrying footsteps on the pavement; the door was pushed open before one of the men could get against it. Two strong policemen entered the room and leveled their guns at the heads of the burglars. There was a scuffle, and quick as a flash Jack threw himself before the policeman who had raised his club to strike Big Tom. It was the same man who had picked up his card.

"Run," shouted Jack to Big Tom,

"run fer yer life! I kin hold him a minute."

Jack had both arms around the policeman's body, and was holding on with all the strength of which he had boasted to Mrs. Williams.

A crashing blow on the head leveled him to the floor, and for hours afterward poor little Jack, who had followed the path of right, as he had seen it, lay unconscious in the city hospital. When he awoke he was lying in a clean bed, and Mrs. Williams sat beside him.

"Don't speak, dear," she said, laying one white finger over his lips. "You are very sick."

But Jack could not keep still. With the first moment of consciousness had come a great fear for the safety of Big Tom.

"Did they—" he gasped.

"Hush, dear!" The white fingers pressed more closely. "You really must not talk. Nothing was stolen, thanks to your bravery. The policeman who found your card told me all about it. I knew you would do what was right, my boy."

But Jack did not look satisfied. He tried to be quiet, as he was directed, but could not. He felt that he must know. He shook of the fingers, and managed to pronounce the words "Big Tom."

"He got away," replied Mrs. Williams, "but don't let that worry you, Jack. He sha'n't hurt you. You are going to be my boy, after this, and I want you to hurry and get well enough to be moved to my house."

A look of great content passed over Jack's face. Mrs. Williams attributed it to her assurances of his personal safety and future comfort. She would have been surprised could she have known that Jack was relieved because Big Tom had not been secured by the officers of the law. He closed his eyes, and it seemed to him when he opened them again, as if long hours had passed. Mrs. Williams still sat beside him. The doctor was there, too, and he saw other faces which he could not recognize.

"I'd 'a' hated teh had Big Tom git ketcht," he said. "He was good to me. I wish't I could see him."

No one prevented his talking, now. He was past all human help. Mrs. Williams was crying softly.

"I've got teh go," he said, suddenly, looking up into her face. "Where'd I put my baskets?"

"Don't worry about the baskets, dear," said the nurse. "You can have them when you're better."

He seemed to sleep a moment, and the room grew strangely quiet. Mr. Williams came in and stood beside his wife, looking down into the little pale face.

"I would give half I own to have him well," he said.

"'Taint easy gettin' teh be like you," said Jack, unclosing his eyes again, and looking at Mrs. Williams. "I did my purtiest, but I couldn't never—"

"You did more, little Jack, than I ever did in my life," interrupted Mrs. Williams, stooping to kiss the fevered lips. "I wish I might do something for you. Is there nothing you want?"

"I'm achin' teh see Big Tom."

There were tears in Jack's eyes, now—the first he had shed. "I don't know what I'd do, if I couldn't never see him ag'in. Oh, I do want Big Tom mighty bad!"

"I wish I knew where to find him, Jack, but—"

"Jack, little Jack, I'm here! It's Big Tom, Jack! Don't yeh know me?"

Big Tom strode into the room, and before anyone could speak, he had taken Jack from the bed, and was holding him close against his broad chest.

"Yeh may take me, when this little kid gits done wantin' me," he said, with a defiant look at Mr. Williams. "I'd ha' come, if I'd knowed I'd git hung fer it."

"Oh, Big Tom, yeh'd oughter be gittin' out o' this! Does yeh hate me, Big Tom? I didn't wanter do it—"

"Yeh did jist splendid, Kid! Yeh haint a coward, an' I'm mighty proud of yeh, an' I don't want yeh teh worry 'bout nothin'. Jist git well, Kid."

A strange light had come into Jack's face, and the watchers knew that the end was very near. He looked earnestly at Mrs. Williams, and seemed to wish to ask a favor, but hesitated.

"What is it, dear?" she said, leaning close to him, as he lay in Big Tom's arms.

"I was wishin' as how yeh wouldn't let nothin' hurt Big Tom."

"He shall not be harmed. I promise you, Jack."

"I promise, too," said Mr. Williams. "I wish I could do more for you, my boy."

Jack smiled gratefully, and closed his eyes. That smile lingered on his face long after it was cold in death.

"Lotta," said Mr. Williams, "you can do no more. Shall we not go home?"

Mrs. Williams saw Big Tom give her a quick look, when her husband spoke her name, and a thought that had clung to her from the moment he entered the room deepened into a certainty. Big Tom was so like a picture of her father, which she had in her possession, that he might have sat for it himself. Mrs. Williams arrived at conclusions quickly. While Big Tom had been fondling Jack, she was wondering whether she ought to take up this burden—if it would be just, either to her husband or to herself. "Am I my brother's keeper?" The

text repeated itself over and over in her mind, with a different meaning from any she had ever before given it. She was not a woman to shirk responsibility, simply because it was not pleasant. She was full of charity for others.

"I might have been no better than he is," she thought, "had I not been given so good a home."

When she arose to go, she stepped to Big Tom's side, and, in a low tone, asked him to call on her that evening.

"I shall be quite alone," she added.

"You can trust me, I think."

Big Tom looked at her inquiringly.

"Yes," she said, replying to his glance, "I know you, Tom. I have hunted for you for years."

And so Mrs. Williams took up her burden. Years have passed since little Jack was buried, and the many friends of Thomas Dunn are very glad that Mrs. Williams decided that she was her brother's keeper.

In a beautiful cemetery in Chicago, little Jack lies beside Mrs. Williams' father and mother, and over him is erected a shaft to the memory of "A Little Hero."



THE STORY OF A CENTAUR.

BY J. F. SULLIVAN.

I HAVE the most severe misgiving about a crucial point of this story; it involves an announcement which may cause the modern reader to throw aside the narrative as a preposterous absurdity. Ah! if I only had to deal with the reader of the Dark Ages, who would swallow anything! Absolute fear incites me to keep this announcement to myself until nearing the end of the tale, and then to break the awkward fact very gently—glossing it over as much as possible; but native outspokenness, assisted by the fact that such a course would spoil the story, persuades me to make the risky announcement at once, and chance the consequences.

Very well, then—Andrew P. Hay was a Centaur—a CENTAUR. He had descended from the pure blood of the old Greek Centaurs. The race, when the belief in the Greek mythology had waned before the spreading light of Christianity, finding the fact of its existence no longer accepted with the old unquestioning faith, and too proud to longer impose its presence on a society sceptical of its reality, retired to a remote island to carry on its existence unseen by mankind; and there its successive generations had appeared and died, until—a few years before the present date—the last survivor paced, with downcast hoof,* the deserted paddocks of his sires.†

The loneliness of his condition began to prey upon his mind. He had but a single companion in the secluded upland valleys of that deserted island where his forefathers had lived during so many centuries; this companion was his servant, or valet—he also being the sole survivor of *his* race, the race of hippopaides, or stable-boys; from time immemorial the bondmen of the Centaurs and their faithful attendants.

* "Downcast hoof," though an unusual, is a good phrase.

† "Sires" is a well-chosen word in this connection.

The loneliness was becoming unbearable; concealed behind some crag of the mountains, the two would stand the whole day long watching for the smoke of the steamers which passed, hull down, to and from Constantinople and Smyrna. No vessel ever touched at their island.

"Raiboskeles," said Philippos Chorotophagos (that was the Centaur's name, excusable in a Greek), "this won't do! I can't stand it any longer. Shall we hurl ourselves from your pinnacle, you seated on my back, to fathomless doom, and end it?"

"No, my lord!" said the boy, "I'm scratched for that event anyway; and what's more, *you* won't go to the post either if *I* can stop it! Think, my lord—what would your stable-companions, now passed away, have said about a fixture like that?" And the boy's eyes filled with tears as he mechanically took from his pocket a small curry-comb and drew it carelessly over the silky hide, while a low continuous hissing sound from between his lips testified to the depth of his sorrow.

He was a good lad, tinged with the archaic stable-slang of Thessaly, fostered by constant reading of the *Rhodochroon Hen*, the ancient sporting-paper of the Centaurs.

For a few moments Chorotophagos gazed fixedly out to sea; then he said:

"Raiboskeles, I cannot stay here. I shall go mad in this solitude. Let us leave this island and go among men. I know what you are about to say—they will not believe in my existence. I shall be forced to suffer the affront of being looked upon as a figment of superstition, of having my impossibility cast in my teeth—I wager that is what is on your tongue?"

"No takers!" said the boy, emphatically.

"Nevertheless, I prefer even that to the loneliness of this place. Besides, I

might perhaps manage to conceal the difference in my form from those of men."

The stable-valet shook his head doubtfully. "Too much handicapped!" he murmured.

"I might adopt a false name!" cried the Centaur, with a sudden inspiration.

The idea took the stable-valet unawares. "Ah! there's something in that tip!" he said, half persuaded.

"I will—I'll find one at once: and that'll break the neck of the whole difficulty! I have it—I'll call myself Hay—



Andrew P. Hay. See?—Hay retains enough of my ancestral name; the Philip I'll retain as a reminder of my duty toward my race; while the Andrew will assert the manhood of part of me—eh?"

"Ye—es," said Raiboskeles, reflecting, "I think I'll befriend that dodge at commanding prices." This *Rhodochoon Hen* phraseology was oppressive at times; but his heart was in the right place.

"Let us hail a steamer somehow," cried the Centaur (whom we will henceforth call Andrew P. Hay).

The valet stood for a moment plunged in thought, smacking his bare leg with an olive twig; then he said:

"You'll have to travel as a gee. Half a sec!"

With incredible dexterity he plaited reeds from an adjacent stream into the form of a horse's head-and-neck cover; then respectfully slipped it over the human head and torso of his master. The part where the horse's nose should have been he had packed with grass; the head of Andrew P. Hay filled up the crown; while his human body made a fair show, beneath the covering, of being a horse's neck. The breadth where the man's shoulders came the valet subsequently explained by stating that he had placed a collar of osiers there too keep off the rub of the covering. There seemed an indignity about which Mr. Hay found it hard to bear; but he got over it.

Then the valet made a great fire of dry wood and grasses on a pinnacle; and the great column of smoke attracted the attention of a passing coaster, which bore down on the island to find out the reason of it. Bowes (that being the new name which Mr. Hay had found for his stable-valet) stood on the shore holding his charge with a halter of twisted grasses. The captain was surprised, but agreed to take them aboard, provided the horse could swim to the vessel, which could not get in; so Mr. Hay, with Bowes on his back, promptly took to the water, and was hoisted aboard in a sling from the davits.

"That's a very remarkable animal!" said the Greek captain to Bowes. His dialect was atrocious. Bowes could not understand a word; but signs did just as well.

Mr. Andrew P. Hay had decided to go to London. He knew a fair amount of English; for several years before a box from a wrecked vessel had been cast ashore on the island, and it had happened to contain some useful books and papers—a text of Homer, interlined with Mr. Gladstone's translation into English, several Greek-English primers, a Liddel, and Scott's lexicon, some Ollendorffs, a Lindley Murray, Webster's American Dictionary, several issues of the *Times*, and a rhyming dictionary. Thus had A. P. Hay been enabled to learn the English language.

The journey to England was full of unpleasantness. There were difficulties,

too, about meals; the Centaur having conceived a growing distaste for hay and beans. The coaster had landed them at Otranto, where Bowes promptly engaged a private stable for his master. But now



WAITING FOR THE BOAT.

occurred the first difficulty—they had no money. The captain of the coaster had yet to be paid.

But Bowes contrived to obtain, on credit, a suit of clothes in place of his tunic of woven grasses.

"There's only one way out of this, sir," said Bowes, after a spell of thought; "I shall have to sell you!"

"I fail to catch your meaning," said Mr. Hay, loftily pawing the ground. "Sell me!"

"That's it, sir; that's the only plan I can back for a place. You ought to fetch a good round sum, sir. Why, sir, look at you—there you stand, 17.1, deep in the girth, lovely clean houghs and pasterns, sir—look at 'em yourself if you ain't satisfied—sound wind, well planted, born flier, grand action. Look at your pedigree, that's enough! No vice—lady could hunt you, sir—oh, I'm not saying it to flatter you, sir! As for selling you—don't you see," said Bowes, placing his finger to his nose, "that's just a bit of practice, that's all. We shall have to

sharp 'em. Let me alone to see to that."

"Well, Bowes," said the master, "I have every confidence in you, although I do not quite grasp your plan. I must only request that you will do no act calculated to lessen our self-respect or—"

"Get us warned off the course?" said Bowes. "Oh, that'll be all square."

"But you forget that no one will buy me without seeing my head! If I show that, all is lost!"

Bowes merely winked, and went out. Otranto was a most unpromising place for selling a fine horse; but Bowes made inquiries, and discovered that a rich Englishman, much given to horses—a gentleman-jockey—whose yacht was cruising in those parts, happened to be in the town. So Bowes fetched out Mr. Hay, mounted him, and caracoled him all over the place where a horse could manage to go; and presently he caught the eye of the gentleman-jockey. The latter had never seen such a picture of a



"I'LL GIVE YOU £1000 FOR HIM."

horse in his life, and yearned to own Mr. Hay.

Bowes explained that he wasn't for sale; that, in fact, he was half sold already to an American millionaire. (Bowes had picked up a considerable

smattering of English from his master, you see).

"Look here," said the gentleman-jockey, "I must have him. On his back I could win every steeple-chase in the kingdom. I'll give you £1,000 for him."

"Down?" said Bowes.

"Yes," replied the other. "I'll put off to my yacht and fetch it."

In an hour the £1,000 in gold and Italian paper was in Bowes' possession. Bowes had explained how it would be unwise to unwrap Mr. Hay's head and neck then, as a cold wind was blowing, and the horse had caught a slight cold on his voyage. The jockey was so overcome by the magnificence of the visible parts of Mr. Hay, and so convinced of the wonderful bargain he had made, that he was content to take the head and neck for granted rather than let him go to the American millionaire; so Mr. Hay was put back in the stable for the night, and one of the yacht's crew left there to see to his safety.

Shortly after dark Bowes picked the lock and crept in. Silently he placed a newly-acquired saddle on Mr. Hay's back.

"What now?" whispered Andrew P. Hay.

"We must be off at once and cover as many miles as we can before daylight," whispered Bowes.

"But," objected Mr. Hay, "this is immoral!"

All the refined morality of the ancient Centaurs welled up in him.

"Pooh!" whispered Bowes. "Meaning no offence, sir; but it's got to be done!"

At this moment the sailor woke and rose to see what was going on. Now, gentleman and man of honor as Mr. Hay was down to the waist, the instinct of battle and self-preservation in his equine portion instantly gained the ascendancy in those moments when action was called for; and it was with feelings of the most unfeigned horror and regret that he felt himself backing toward the unhappy sailor and taking up a favorable position for an effective kick.

"Bowes!" he said, in an agony of

apprehension. "Quick!" Don't you see what I'm doing? For Heaven's sake give me a cut over the quarters. Here—pull my head up, so that I can't lash out?"

But it was too late; the equine nature situated in the hind-quarters had prevailed; there was an end of the sailor; Andrew P. Hay hid his face in his hands with a bitter sob, and suffered himself to be led out and mounted in silence.

"You won't mind my presumption in wearing spurs, sir?" he said, apologetically. "We might want 'em when you get tired."

Andrew P. Hay hardly heard the remark; his thoughts were absorbed by the regrettable incident of the sailor; at a touch of the spur he broke mechanically into a gallop, which he continued unbrokenly far into the night. Suddenly he pulled up.

"Bowes," he said, "I'm famishing—I must have a meal; I've eaten nothing since the day before yesterday!"

"All right, sir," replied Bowes, as he prepared to strap on a nose-bag filled with chaff and locust beans; "you shall have a bran-mash as soon as ever we reach—"

"Take away this stuff!" said Mr. Hay, impatiently. "Do you hear? I've taken a dislike to hay and beans and bran-mashes; they're undignified food for a gentleman to eat, and I've done with them. I want a biftek aux pommes frites!"

"Can't get it here, sir," said Bowes, touching his cap. Oh; why, I've got some sandwiches and a bottle of Marsala in the bag. But, if I may make so bold, the beans would have more stay in 'em—"

"For the equine portion, no doubt. Confound my equine portion, Bowes! It's in disgrace; I'm disgusted with it, and I'll starve it!"

"Let's wait till we get home, sir, for that—if I might make bold to advise. It's just the hossey parts you require on the road."

"Hum! there's something in that," said Mr. Hay; "well, give me the disgusting nose-bag; and when I've finished the confounded beans I will have a sandwich and a glass of Marsala to remove

the taste. . . . This Marsala is a coarse wine, Bowes; was this the best thing you could get?"

They set off again at a gallop; and Mr. Hay soon perceived the wisdom of having temporarily refreshed his horse-part. But his aversion of, and anger against it, grew steadily. As he galloped he continued to brood upon the unjustifiable deed it had so lately committed; and he speculated with an oppressing anxiety on the acts it might commit in the future; realizing, as he did, that he had no control over that portion of him,

In spite of the mountains, and the necessity for occasional rest, they reached Naples in two days. Here Bowes, having changed to a new and horsey suit of clothes, and provided Mr. Hay with new and handsome horse-clothing (so that they were unrecognizable), engaged a horse-box to Calais.

No mere horse could have covered the distance in the time; so they had eluded pursuit.

They reached London at last, and Bowes took a secluded villa, with stable, in St. John's Wood. The stable was merely a necessary artifice. With a sigh of relief, Andrew P. Hay threw himself down on the hearth-rug in the drawing-room; but the bitterness of association with that hateful horse-part was always with him. His dislike of it had grown to a positive loathing. His conduct, when that part of him was in question, was really most unreasonable. He would snatch up Bowes' riding whip—the poker—anything, and belabor that horse-portion until it lashed out at the tables and chairs, and smashed them to atoms. These scenes were most painful to Bowes.

Andrew P. Hay was possessed of remarkable aptitude, and, as the £1,000 so fraudulently acquired by Bowes was fast running out, it became necessary to cast about for employment. Now, his knowledge of the archaic Greek tongue, history and antiquities, gained from direct tradition, was considerable; and

he wrote to the authorities of the British Museum, the Society of Antiquaries, the Kernoozers' Club, and various other learned bodies, offering himself as correspondent and referee at a reasonable salary.

After some correspondence his services were eagerly accepted; and for a time all worked well. Dr. Schliemann considered him invaluable, and much light was thrown upon the question of early Greek inscriptions, and the true site of Troy, and of the Garden of the Hesperides; while much interesting tittle-tattle, from authentic sources, added to the knowledge of the private character and daily



HE LASHED OUT AT THE TABLE AND CHAIR.

life of Ajax, Achilles, the Muses, Hercules, and others. All this had been communicated by letter; but one calamitous day a learned official from the British Museum called, and, before it could be prevented, had penetrated to the presence of Mr. Hay.

The meeting was most painful. Mr. Hay, attired in a loose morning coat and white waistcoat, was writing a paper on the differences between the Sapphic and Pindaric harps; while his equine part was fraying out the carpet with his hoofs and flicking away flies with his tail. Mr. Hay made a desperate effort to conceal the equine portion with the tails of his coat, but in vain. The official was deeply shocked and pained.

"A—a—ahem! A Centaur, I believe?" he gasped.

Prevarication was useless. Andrew P. Hay bowed stiffly, and motioned the visitor to a chair.

"I—I must confess that I—er—hardly anticipated this—er—I was under the impression that we had been dealing with an ordinary human being—if you'll excuse me saying so: but, forgive me—I fear the authorities to whom I am answerable will hardly approve of my obtaining information from a—er—a fabulous monster."

"A *what*, sir?" cried A. P. Hay: and he felt that equine part beginning to

came out. Poor Mr. Hay was arrested and taken to Bow Street, where he was locked up in the green-yard stables.

The horse-part resisted violently, nearly killing three policemen, and attempting to gallop off; while Mr. Hay begged them to throw him and sit on his head, and subsequently apologized most sincerely.

The gaoler was very considerate, giving him his choice of oats or the usual fare.

The magistrate was greatly surprised; but, of course, sent the case for trial. At the trial, although the facts were clearly proved, the jury were divided, some bringing in a verdict of deliberate murder against Andrew Philip Hay; some considering him not guilty, but recommending the destruction of the horse-portion as a dangerous animal. The judge, animadverting in the severest terms on the conduct of the prisoner, declared that, although the jury had not been able to agree as to a verdict, society could not exonerate the perpetrator of such a deed; and exhorted the prisoner to reflect deeply upon his conduct, and make such atonement as remorse and contrition would suggest.

He then proceeded to comment upon the injudiciousness of the prisoner, who (although apparently guiltless of any desire to sacrifice human life) was, nevertheless, greatly to blame for his recklessness in keeping so dangerous an animal.

His Lordship asked whether prisoner would consent to have the animal destroyed. Prisoner was understood to reply that that was impossible, for physical reasons, which none could regret more deeply than himself.

Great excitement was created at this point by prisoner kicking out the back and sides of the dock, and hurling the usher into the gallery; prisoner, however, having apologized and expressed his belief that the incident had been occasioned by a horse-fly, the matter was allowed to drop.

The judge, having retired for an hour to consider his action in the matter, stated that he considered it his duty, while severely deploring the murderous proclivities of the prisoner, and regretting that the disagreement of the jury



KICKING THE USHER INTO THE GALLERY.

edge round for a kick, while his ears were lying back close to his head—the only equine idiosyncrasy of his human part, but one which distressed him greatly. He shouted for Bowes to catch hold of his head; he seized the poker and hammered at his flanks; but all in vain—those terrible hind legs lashed out: and the official of the British Museum was no more.

It was a terrible affair: everything

prevented him passing the capital sentence, to exonerate the accused from any intention to permit the animal to do grievous bodily harm, and recommended the keeping of it under proper surveillance.

Prisoner having undertaken to lash his equine-part within an inch of his life, his lordship remarked that he could not sanction any proceedings involving cruelty to the lower animals. Prisoner was then discharged.

Andrew P. Hay was plunged in profound misery. The disgrace and exposure of the whole proceedings, the degradation of his self-respect, cast over him a hopeless gloom. For hours he sat on his haunches, his face hidden in his hands, while scalding tears trickled between his fingers: then he suddenly arose and kicked the villa to fragments.

At length his calmness returned, and he sat down to think the thing out. The exposure had come—why should he not turn it to good account?

"Bowes!" he called. Poor Bowes dragged his bruised remains from among the ruined brickwork.

"Bowes, my pride has gone. I intend to make a fortune by lecturing all over the country about Greek antiquities and my recent trial. Pack my portmanteau, and then go around and engage halls."

The lectures created a *furor*. The public did not care two straws about Greek antiquities, but they crushed to hear a real live Centaur lecture about a murder case. At the end of a year he had amassed wealth B. D. A.

Andrew Philip, Lord Hippstable, Baron Hay, is now one of the best known and most highly respected—ermen in society. He was lately presented with a massive service of plate by the Meltonshire Hunt, in acknowledgment of his valued services as master of the hounds; he is the most famous steeplechase—ah—rider of the day; and the last five Derby winners have hailed from his stable—in fact, he entered for one Derby himself, but was disqualified on purely technical grounds; and there is some talk in well-informed circles of his probable succession to the posts of President of the Jockey Club and Equerry to the Prince of Wales.





A WORD TO THE WISE.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

THERE'S a song in the fields at the close of day—
 "Tir-i-li! tir-i-li, O!"
 'Tis the farmer's lad, and he lightens the way
 With a "Cheerily! cheerily, O!"

"For its up lads and lassies! 'tis no time for sorrow,
 But cheerily! cheerily, O!
 For Meg and I walk to the church on the morrow;
 Tir-i-li! tir-i-li, O!"

Thus spake a philosopher, hearing the stave:
 "If you could command from above
 Any one of these gifts, pray now, which would you crave—
 Wisdom, or wealth—or love?"

Said the lad: "For true love true hearts were made—
 That's wisdom enough for me;
 And my Meg for the wealth of the world I'd not trade;
 So I'm rich in my love, you see."

"So its up lads and lassies! 'tis no time for sorrow,
 But cheerily! cheerily, O!
 For Meg and I walk to the church on the morrow;
 Tir-i-li! tir-i-li, O!"

The night creeps on and enshrouds the day—
 (Hark! 'tis a "Tir-i-li, O!")
 But the day still lives in that blithe, far-away,
 Mellow-sweet, "Cheerily, O!"



A SEASIDE WHIST.

BY FLORENCE E. D. MUZZY.

THE idea first came from the limited facilities afforded by a summer islet for providing whist favors. There were many cottagers, and they were very social. So, one bright noon, we decided upon giving a whist party that evening. Invitations were sent "early," by word of mouth. Then favors, refreshments and the like must needs be (to use an expressive Western word) "rustled." If you will study upon that word awhile, its appropriateness will astonish you.

Out on the beach, stooping lowly, we searched for smooth white stones. "Water" colors, with great *apropos*, soon made these into pairs, for choosing partness. Brownies, flowers and little water-views were quickly made. For gentleman's first prize, a pencil sketch of a "Baby World" hero, bore this quotation:

"Say how old must a fellow be
A fellow who's pretty old—
Before he can follow the call of the sea,
And be a sailor bold?"

The other prizes consisted of flat stones from the beach, with hasty water-color sketches upon them. The refreshments were necessarily (owing to the time spent in art work) such as any "land-lubber" might provide. However, the idea remained fomenting in the brain of the hostess; and later, when snow-bound in her inland home, it woke to activity. The "Fed. Hill Whist Club" had been for three winters in glorious operation. The rector himself declared it was "no sin to play whist as these played it—especially the ladies!"

for it was never "*whist*" that they played. On the contrary, it was a most social party who gathered fortnightly for fun and delightful small talk, with so-called "*whist*" as an accessory. So, with conscience light, she prepared a "*Seaside Whist*." The first thing to be provided was the "*favors*." The white stone idea was replaced by matched shells. Pairs of these were selected.



Sea-shell
Favors.



M

In those having any depth she placed the little inch-long dolls (ten cents a dozen), some black, some white—all held in place by a drop of glue under the feet. The little "boat shell" was especially cute. The snail shells held twins. The flat shells, or those with a comparatively smooth surface, were painted with little sea-views, in water-color. One iridescent shell had simply a bow of sea-green baby ribbon glued within. All the ribbon used was of the sea-green shade. Some of the shells had a tiny bow tied about them. The couples "*matched*" by the shape of the shells—and not by the *contents*! These were called "*Venus*" favors, and created much fun at the outset. For lack of time, the making of card-board scallop-shell score cards, with sea-green covers, tied with sea-green ribbon—had

to be given up; but it is mentioned that it may be used if desired.

After the games were decided, the prizes were given. The ladies' first was a Florida sea-shell, larger than the



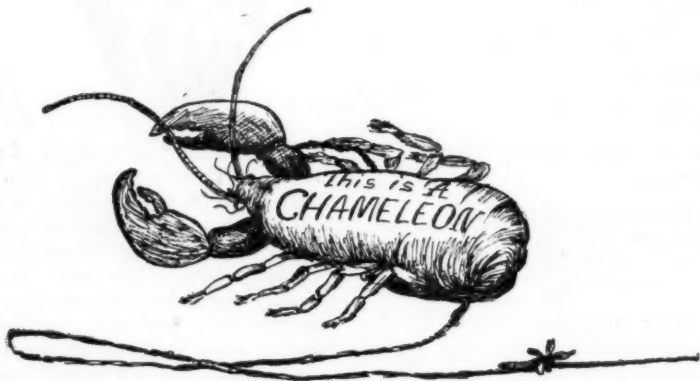
Sea-moss.

hollow of one's hand, holding within one of the quaint little dolls four or five inches long, lying flat upon its stomach—chin on palms, kicking its heels into the

ardent fisherman. It was called (much to the mystification of the ladies) the "Hamilton Spoon," but consisted of a patent fish-hook and float—most approved style.

The ladies' booby prize was a departure from the usual mirth-provoking gift, appropriate to the "booby," which it was customary for the club to give. In this case, a pair of scallop-shells, varnished, and tied together with the sea-green ribbon, formed the cover to leaflets within, showing several varieties of pressed sea-moss; and its beauty quite reconciled its recipient to the dubious honor of receiving it.

The fun of the evening was concentrated in the next prize given—the gentleman's booby. An effort had been made to secure a live and *lively* lobster; but being so far inland, the ungrateful creature persisted in seeking death and annihilation rather than glory and distinction in the Fed. Hill Whist Club. And on the evening of the day in question, having but strength enough left to feebly wag a feeler, he was finally boiled.



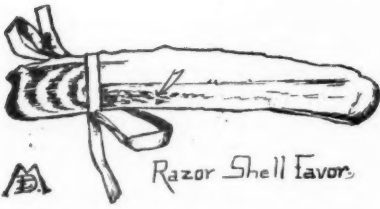
Y^E BOOBY^E



air. This had been brought from Old Fort Marion, at the World's Fair, and so became a double souvenir to its winner.

The gentleman's first was next presented, and luckily was secured by an

He was then thoroughly washed and dried; and ten minutes' work with brush, paint and gilt, transformed the plain boiled lobster into a gorgeous chameleon!



Razor Shell Favor.

For fear, however, that he might not receive proper recognition in his new and popular rôle, a label in Chinese white announced clearly from his shell: "This is A Chameleon!" A yard-long brass chain, with huge stick-pin, fully six inches in length, was supposed to sustain the illusion. A paste-board box-cover, with a cushion of cotton batting, covered with an old bit of dark felt, made an imposing couch for His Gorgeousness. The fortunate recipient of this magnificent gift was a dignified bank cashier, and not accustomed to this style of legal-tender. For one horrified instant he gazed upon his prize. Then a comprehensive and delighted smile illumined his face, and with both hands outstretched, he grasped his "bug," as he instantly named it, and without hesitation he pinned the whole monstrosity to the lapel of his coat. Such a shout of laughter went up from the admiring

crowd, as they pressed closer to get a nearer view of the pet. The owner, however, was very careful of his charge (presumably a member of the Humane Society), and would not let it out of his

Water
color
Favor.

hand, unless it was securely chained to the piano-leg. He even persisted in taking it home with him; but before many days the crematory claimed its victim—and one "chameleon" less adorned New England scenes. After the subsidence of the excitement caused by the "bug," a "Consolation Prize" was given. No one having already received a prize was allowed a chance in this, which was only to console those left

Venus
Favors,

out. Each one drew cards from a pack in which was but one ace. The person drawing the ace was given a little booklet, in the form of a sea-shell, containing a sea-poem.

Refreshments were then served upon the whist tables. Each table bore a large clam-shell, which was thoroughly polished within, and gilded upon the edge. These held salted almonds (note: not sea salt), with a sprig of parsley, supposed to personate sea-moss. A shrimp salad, made with celery and served upon lettuce leaves (by a stretch of the imagination called sea-weed) accompanied the home-made rolls and coffee. By the rules of the Club no member is allowed to fur-

nish more than three articles for refreshment. However, as the rules are quite elastic, a condensed "sea-foam," in the form of white pop-corn cakes, finished the menu, and the Club adjourned, feeling quite like "old sea dogs" after their evening's experience.

It is always interesting to carry out through an evening, one idea, or color, in the entertainment; and with a little study this is easily done. It is not essential that one has wealth to do this. Thought and planning go farther than money alone, and the ideas that may be worked up by individual ingenuity are legion. Try it and see, when next you give a home-made party.



Crab Favor.



WIDOW POPINO'S NIECE.

BUTTER is twenty-five cents a pound, Mr. Snaffles, said the Widow Popino, seated at the farm breakfast table with her niece, Lillian, the bound boy, Eddie, and her new acquisition, the hired man, Snaffles, as he helped himself the fourth time to butter, unconscious of the widow's stony stare as she watched the disappearance of that salable commodity.

"Thirty up our way," responded Mr. Snaffles, as he spread a liberal portion over a slice of bread, and then sealed his fate by a good spring besides, while Eddie regaled himself with an awful interest, as if he expected to open and swallow him.

For the Widow Popino

com-

of her large house and farm, gave those who daily gathered around her table to understand that every particle of food ate took just that much in cash from her pocket book. When a long sigh in pouring a second cup of tea, or a look of horror at the person who took an additional portion of vegetables, did not accomplish her purpose, she spoke her mind plainly. As this seemed no check on Mr. Snaffles' disgraceful appetite, she was compelled to act, which she did by dismissing him. Then she undertook the work of the farm with the help of the boy, Eddie. Tall, strong and muscular, she actually ploughed, planted corn, bound the wheat, and helped to bring in the great loads of hay, while Lillian did the work of the house and dairy—no

light task for her young, slender hands.

Lillian's mother dying when she was a baby, her father cared for her and loved her as the one thing left to him, till in her fifteenth year he, too, was called away, leaving his young daughter with her only relative, his brother's widow, who offered the girl a home. Her aunt, with her driving, energetic ways, and still more, her "saving" propensities, made that home a cheerless place for the young girl, who worked uncomplainingly early and late, and only her pillow at night knew of the tears she shed. She had lived with her aunt two years, and already there was a slight stoop in her shoulders and a tiny wrinkle between her lifted eyebrows, which gives the look which is so pathetic in a young face, and yet so seldom seen. After all, Lillian was growing beautiful, with a delicate, high-bred beauty of face through which shone the loveliness of her sweet, patient spirit.

Spring had come again, and with it the making of maple sugar. Not a drop of sap had Widow Popino allowed to be wasted, for syrup was a dollar a gallon. Still, the working at all hours in the half-melted snow, had struck even the tough widow with sickness. After trying domestic remedies, she knew at last a doctor must be called.

"Cost me two dollars, and a dollar a mile from town here, and then only a prescription that will cost me two dollars more to have filled at the drug store. I'd most as soon die."

But worse was in store for her. Her economical domestic remedies at first, had made necessary months at an hygienic institution in a distant city. There was no help for it. So, one morning, she started, with many prophesies of loss at home without her calculating eye. For the farm was rented, and the widow's sister—Mrs. Hamilton—was to take charge of house, dairy, poultry yard and Lillian. She was expected in the evening of the same day. Lillian had put on her pitiful best dress, and lighted a lamp with almost a feeling of guilt, because Widow Popino always made use of the firelight evenings to save kerosene. But she wanted to give Mrs. Hamilton a

pleasant, cheery welcome after her long journey.

It needed only a glance at Mrs. Hamilton's good, motherly face to see that here was another case of the strange workings of hereditary law that makes brothers and sisters, though similar in form and feature, often precisely opposite in character. Lillian, impulsively, kissed her in welcome with a feeling of warmth and gladness in her heart that she had not known in a long time.

"Poor little girl," said Mrs. Hamilton to herself that night, "she shall have a happy summer for once. If I had known this work of charity was laid out for me here I should not have regretted so much leaving my home and my son. However, Stephen will spend his two weeks' August vacation with me."

With the dawn began a different life on the farm. No less was the work, the foundation of the home, done, and well done, but the higher little elegances of life received place as well. Mrs. Hamilton having Widow Popino's permission to draw on Lillian's few hundreds in the bank, left by her father, for anything strictly necessary for her, provided for her a suitable wardrobe for a young girl, simple and pretty, but beautiful indeed in Lillian's eyes, in whom was dawning the woman's innocent love of adornment.

Happily the days went by, bringing new beauty to Lillian's face and still more to her heart of gratitude and love to her friend. Much of Mrs. Hamilton's conversation was about her son; how good he was, how educated, and more, how perfectly handsome. Soon August came, and then the very day that would bring Stephen. There was an air of expectancy in the house, where everything from the finishing touches in the spare room to the preparations for the tea table, were done by a mother's loving hand. Lillian with an unusual glow on her cheek and light in her dark eyes, dressed in pale pink, though it was only print, was lovely as seventeen years can make one.

Enter Stephen Hamilton, a young man of twenty-four, tall, awkward, light hair, a reluctant moustache, a nose which should have been mentioned first, on account of its size, eyes of no special

color, but with an honest, kindly look in them, which almost redeemed his face. There was in his manner an entire unconsciousness of self, and a breezy manliness that made his presence seem like a breath of out-door life in the house which had known only the presence of women since the departure of the epicurean Mr. Snaffles.

That evening, as Stephen related the news of home and incidents of his journey, his mother listened with many proud and loving looks at his homely face, and slightly triumphant glances at Lillian, which said plainly: "Didn't I tell you so?"

That August witnessed a miracle. The old farm-house became a glorified mansion, and the stiff front yard, and even the vegetable garden, were enchanted fairy grounds seen through the light of love. Light of clairvoyant clearness that shows us through the mask of flesh the souls that are akin to our own. Happy are they to whom comes Love, the Archangel—not too soon nor too late.

It is safe to say that in two weeks' time Stephen was far handsomer in Lillian's eyes than in his mother's.

When the Widow Popino returned restored in health and eager to take up the management of house and farm again, her patient toiler was hers no more. How Mrs. Hamilton induced her to consent to the marriage was never known. But in consenting she gave up one of her dearest hopes for the future—that of transferring Lillian's little bank account to her own larger one, by means of a bill for board, to be presented when she should come of age.

When a life becomes dominated by one motive in all things, has it not crossed the line of sanity? For Widow Popino still saves, lives on the poorest fare, works at the hardest toil, and smirches her soul with any sordid meanness, so that she adds a little to the bank account. Yet she knows that some day it will all belong to the two she never forgave—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hamilton.



A HOLLOW TRIUMPH.

BY EMMA A. OPIER.

AN air of defiance sat as plainly on Chester Huntoon as his old felt hat did. He was ever self-sufficient, and capable of being aggressive on light provocation; to-day he looked distinctly combative.

It was an anticipatory feeling. As he drove nearer the Widow Hawley's place he straightened up, and from the big gate to the point near the back door at which he stopped, kept clearing his throat and spitting over the wheel, uneasily.

He cast about him a proprietary glance. For the ten summers since Mrs. Hawley had been a widow he had worked her farm on shares; for ten winters seen to getting her wood hauled and the heavier outdoor jobs done. He had brought their mail to her and Alma, told them the larger news and listened to their lesser feminine items, and dropped in on a usual average one or two evenings a week and eaten watermelon or peaches or hickory nuts, according to the season. For ten years his oversight of the widow and Alma Hawley had inspired him with a feeling not far short, at present, of calmly secure and somewhat supercilious ownership.

It was characteristic of the state of things in general that Alma Hawley should, seeing him from a side window, put a shawl over her head and come out to see what he wanted, with a thin pretense of feeling some dish-towels hung to dry on a bare-twigged bush.

"Mail?" she said, aware that it was not the day for their county or church paper, or their sparse correspondence. But Chester had waited for her to begin; he wanted that advantage.

"No. I been up to Gillet's for some roof paint. What I have left I'll use on your swing here; needs it."

He avoided Alma's eye as he proceeded:

"Luther Gaines is coming here to

West Adams early part of next week. I've spoke to you of Luther Gaines," and he knew he never had. "Lives over to Trumbull. We knew each other as boys; went to school together, and we've met since, now and then. I had a letter from him yesterday. He's coming here to West Adams to put in a spell selling carpet-sweepers, or something of the kind, all around here—he's agent for 'em—and he wants me to git him a place to board. Delia, *she* can't take him, nohow. She can't manage it; can't undertake anything extry. I've got to git him a place, and I thought I'd have him while he stays!"

He looked carelessly abstracted. It did not avail him. Alma Hawley threw up a dismayed hand.

"Chester Huntoon," she said, "you know we aint going to take any boarders. We know we hain't ever, and we won't."

He turned his eyes upon her, abstracted still. She was in her late thirties, well-built and fresh-complexioned, bearing the stamp of good sense and serene disposition. Perhaps fifteen years ago Chester had "gone with" her for awhile. Some people had taken an agreeable view of his marrying her, and had renewed it when the management of the farm had fallen to him. Chester himself, being self-poised, satisfied with his condition of life—he had lived for some years comfortably in the family of a brother—and strong in his lordly proprietorship of the Hawleys, had not viewed it in that light. How Alma had viewed it was not patent. She was active in church work, was a scrupulous housekeeper, presided at the women's monthly temperance meetings in the school-house and went periodically to visit the relations in another county and the next state. She was busy and cheerful.

"He won't be here likely," Chester said, freeing his lines from his horses'

tail, "móre 'n a few weeks. Coming next Tuesday." He intended to avoid argument.

"Chester," said Alma, "there aint any more to be said about it. We couldn't think of taking him for *no* length of time—him nor anybody. Chester, you ought to know it."

He eyed her, making passes with his whip. He had had secret doubts; he was now sternly fixed.

He held to his high tactics. "Two or three weeks, mebbe—that's as long as he'll be here. He's selling for a Philadelphia firm, and doing well, seems. Last I knew he was selling some kind of patent kitchen things. He was in Kansas two years. He's most always been in the selling business."

"He can't come here, Chester. He couldn't if we was in the habit of taking boarders and was willing, and you know better than *that*. I'm dress-making for mother and me both, I'm just in the middle of it. How do you s'pose *we're* going to set about anything extry, Chester, any more 'n Delia can?"

Her comely face was protestingly warm. Chester maintained expressionless silence. Feeling her loss of ground in breaking it, her woman's tongue could not do otherwise. "W'y, Chester, if you'd proposed anything else in the living world! I don't know what put it into your head. What do mother and I want to take a boarder for? Us! Let alone everything else, we want to get some of the carpets up soon as ever we can get to it. W'y, Chester, we couldn't think of no such thing."

Mrs. Hawley came along from the barn with some barrel-hoops and staves for kindlings, and stopped with an inquiring unsuspecting face. She deferred to Chester, ever, with the facility of long habit. When he had repeated dryly his itemized announcement concerning Luther Gaines, she lapsed a startled gasp into timorous, distracted silence.

"W'y mother!" Alma cried in desperation, "*we* can't take a boarder. Nor I don't know, Chester, what you're thinking about. I never *did* see! Can't he go to the Carters' or John Ames'?

Why don't you go and ask? You haint tried!"

"I don't know, Almy," her mother murmured, "but we *might*."

Chester turned his horse, at long, slow range. "I don't know," he said, halting near the women again, "what there is to make so much talk about. I didn't go to the Ames', nor the Carters', because I didn't see no necessity. Luther Gaines is an old friend of mine, I tell you; known him ever since we used to go to the old Trumbull academy together. I don't know why you can't take him in, what few weeks he's here. You can put another plate on. I don't see what there is to make any to-do about," Chester concluded, and drove off. Furtively glancing back from some distance he saw the women still standing there, and read in Alma Hawley's motionless attitude her distressed, indignant rebellion.

He had foreseen his victory; long experience had enabled him to; his occasional disagreements with the Hawleys never had any other result. The half-ashamed feeling he had concerning the present case he did not permit to rise to the surface. He had prevailed, and his general condition was serene. He wore a faintly guilty grin.

He went over to the Hawleys the next Thursday evening. He had left Luther Gaines, his large satchel and his sample washing-machine there Tuesday morning. Taking leave himself, in obedience to prudential stirrings, after briefly introducing him. Cautious still, he had staid away on Wednesday; Thursday evening he went over.

The sitting-room windows pierced the darkness with long shafts of light, setting forth the fence-top and a tall espalier and Chester in his best clothes. An audible masculine voice struck him strangely in its unwontedness. Mrs. Hawley admitted him. A hot stove mellowed the sharp autumnal air, and two lamps burned; the ornamental glass fruit-dish in the geometrical middle of the table held apples and late pears. Things wore a brilliant company air.

Luther Gaines sat rocking in the largest chair. He was long, large-boned

and loose-jointed. A cursory view of him presented a pair of legs too long for convenience, and a large, pink-tinted, sandy-bearded face. He nodded to Chester, with a smile which displeased the latter. It was an expression of such contentment that it was almost condescending.

From Alma, Chester's accusing conscience led him to look for resentful coolness at the least. But she greeted him, looking up from her crocheting, with something more than her usual pleasant placidity. Mrs. Hawley sat with folded hands and looked at her boarder. "You was telling about"—she said, suggestively.

"Wal," said Luther Gaines, swinging his foot, "I says 'All right!' says I, 'if you want to see your wife wear herself out over a wash-tub, 'tain't no affair of mine.' I says, 'She aint any younnger 'n she was, and such overwork tells on a woman at her age. For ten dollars you can prolong her life ten years. Aint it worth doing?' says I. 'Haint you got all kinds of labor-saving machines on your farm? They cost you more 'n ten dollars, didn't they?' says I. 'And if anybody told you 'twas extravagant you'd be mad, and you ought to be. Saving yourself work and lengthening out your life *aint* extravagance. But you're willing to let your wife waste her strength and shorten her life over a wash-tub; you're perfectly willing," says I, 'and you a well-off man.' Wal, sir, he took a machine without another word. He didn't say another word. And when I told folks 'Squire Metcalf bought a machine I didn't have much trouble selling 'em. I done splendid there in Milton. Wal, I may say I do first-rate right along.' His chronic smile expanded.

"I s'pose you've learnt just how to take folks," Mrs. Hawley said admiringly.

"Pretty much. It's part of my business, you *may* say," Luther responded.

"When you was in Milton," said Alma, "did you make the acquaintance of the Distins? Mrs. Charley Distin. She used to live here, and she 'n I"—

"Wal, they lived right next door to where I boarded," said Luther, "the

Distins did. They got three children, haint they? boy and two girls?"

Alma dropped her work and talked with Luther of the Distins.

A redness showed itself in Chester's sun-browned cheeks. His eyes roved from one to another of the three faces, in frowning speculation. They were not attentive to him; Luther Gaines looked at Alma, and she and her mother looked at him. The state of affairs was one which Chester could barely credit. He had come with misgiving, and with the purpose of lending a pacifying hand in the matter of Luther Gaines; of promoting the reconciliation between him and the Hawleys. He found the vender of washing machines accepted, installed, and raised to so high a pinnacle of favor as to exclude himself from ordinary recognition.

They talked long about the Distins, dwelling on and repeating unimportant facts until Chester grew exasperated.

"I remember telling Mis' Distin she made the best hulled corn I ever et," said Luther. "She fetched in a bowlful once."

"She and I was real cronies before she got married and moved to Milton," said Alma for the fourth time.

Chester got up and went and poked the fire noisily and threw in a fresh stick. "Old man DeWitt's failing fast," he said, shortly. He had expected to spend the evening talking over old times with Luther Gaines. He no longer wanted to.

"Mr. Gaines heard so," said Mrs. Hawley. "Wa'n't thought he'd live the day out, didn't you say?"

"What I heard," Luther responded. He went on talking with Alma.

"Higgins' mill wa'n't insured for more 'n half value," Chester proceeded. "Higgins got seven hundred from the Bradenburg Mutual."

"Mr. Gaines heard eight hundred," said Alma, "didn't you?"

"Eight hundred," Luther corroborated.

Chester began to hate him. His remembrance of him did not tally with the reality. He had been unprepared for such gawky length of limb, such

pinkness of countenance, such mildness of manner, such self-satisfaction. He despised him, and felt a sudden stern contempt for his wandering, anomalous method of making a living. Till fifteen minutes ago he had admired it; now he condemned it, and recognized the half-truth that natural indolence had led Luther to a choice of it.

"You sold any your machines yet?" he demanded.

"Three yesterday and four to-day," Luther rejoined.

"Like the business?"

"I been in it ten years; ten years last January."

"'Tain't because you can't git out of it, is it?" Chester said, and laughed unpleasantly.

"W'y no; 'tain't," the washing-machine agent answered, with slow astonishment.

Chester folded his arms on his knees. "Wal, I didn't know but 'twas. I don't know anything *about* the business, nor I aint sure I want to. Seems kind o' funny, now, to me. 'Tain't like any other business you ever heard of. Tramping 'round from house to house with something to sell, and talking folks into buying something they don't really want nor need, you might say—bulldozing 'em into it, I s'pose, in the majority of cases—wal, I don't know. Seems funny a man can make a living at it, and yet lots of 'em *do*."

His tone was musing, but his speech had signal effect. Luther Gaines stared at him; Alma changed color, and wavered in her crocheting. Mrs. Hawley, with a dry expression, went and brought a dust-pan and whisk-broom and brushed up some dirt which had scattered from Chester's feet. "After a rain is a terrible time for tracking in," she observed.

Thereafter she and Alma kept silence, and Chester was aware that they were afraid of further ebullitions from himself. Luther Gaines fell into a harmless monologue, the pauses in which were filled by the crackling of the fire and the purring of the cat behind the stove. Chester sat bent forward, his large form casting a huge shadow, his full face red from the warmth of the room, and his expression

sarcastic. He knew his presence was a restraint and embarrassment, and his wrath rose and burned within him; the impotent wrath of an autocrat dethroned. Alma passed some plates and the fruit-dish, but he did not take anything; and finding himself unable to endure quietly the sight of Luther Gaines balancing his plate on his lank knees and slowly and smilingly paring his apple, he took an abrupt departure. It lacked much of his usual hour. The sound of Luther Gaines' voice and the women's resumed speech followed him to the gate.

He saw Luther occasionally during the next week, at long range. He had anticipated an agreeable renewal of their acquaintance; had thought to talk over old times with him over pitchers of cider, to introduce him at the evening gatherings in Hardy's drug store, and to show him the town after a genial and festive fashion. But his intentions were violently altered; he did not go near the Hawleys and Luther. Some of their needs required his attention, but he ignored them. It appeared, moreover, that the Hawleys were sufficient for Luther. Chester saw him at the post office, and gave him a gruff word; and saw him driving around with his sample washing-machine in the back of the buggy he had hired and kept in the widow's barn. Sunday night Chester went some distance up the road to borrow a vine-clipper and a bill-hook—not because he needed them, but because he knew the abhorrence with which Alma Hawley regarded his occasional performance of such weekday tasks on Sunday; he hoped she would see him carrying the implements home. Nobody was in sight at the Hawleys, however. The bell was ringing for evening service, and there dawned upon Chester suddenly, distinct against the pale red of the western sky, the tall form of Luther Gaines going to church with Alma Hawley, with his long arm thrust through hers. Somewhat in advance, on the other side of the street, unmistakably desirous of leaving the boarder and Alma in undisturbed possession of each other, was Mrs. Hawley. "Lord" Chester snorted, with a bitterly derisive laugh.

In the country, news of an interesting

nature becomes speedily a component part of the atmosphere. Chester heard a few days later at Gillet's store, where he was buying more roof-paint, that that feller that was selling washing machines and boarding to the Hawleys' was kind of sparking round Almy.

"Glad of it. Hope she'll git him," said his informant. "I see him helping her whip a carpet yesterday. I guess there haint been anybody paid attention so her since *you* used to shine round her, Chester. It's a pity to see a good girl like her without a man. She aint any chicken, Almy aint; but she'll make a first-class good wife for that feller—if he wants her. I like to see women git married."

Chester had the prudence to strive to make a neutral reply; but he could not.

"He's a reg'lar white-livered lunk-head, reg'lar!" he said. "Used to know him myself, over in Trumbull; but he's turned out so nigh a fool that I've let him alone since he's been here. He haint got sand enough to scour knives with."

On his way home he hitched his horse at the Hawleys', instead of driving in, and stalked grimly up to the front door. He had no distinct intention beyond a determination to impart to the Hawleys some of his own swelling discomfort.

Mrs. Hawley let him in with difficulty.

"Just emptied my button box in my apron," she said, and sat down and poked among the buttons in her lap.

"Washing-machine peddler's lost a button off 'm his clothes, I s'pose?" said Chester.

"It's for Almy's cashmere-and-silk she's been making over," said Mrs. Hawley; "her dark-red one. Set down! You going to the Baptist sociable Saturday night, up to Lowry's? Almy thought she'd go—she and Mr. Gaines."

"How long since Almy's been a Baptist?" Chester demanded, slapping with his hat one of his thrust-out legs.

"You haint got to be a Baptist to go to their sociables. It's a good Christian spirit to take an interest in other churches and help 'em along some. It's somewhere to go!" Mrs. Hawley added, with sudden candor. "There haint been any-

thing to go to since Mr. Gaines has been here; and he's *real* sociable, and likes to go."

"Calculating to stay all winter is he?"

"I shouldn't s'pose he was calculating to stay all winter."

"I should think he'd been here plenty long enough now to find out who's fools enough to buy his machines and who aint," said Chester.

Mrs. Hawley passed a minute in silent displeasure. "He's done first-rate here," she said, "splendid; and he's sent for a few more 'n the number he's sold, for he's sure enough of selling 'em. He says he's bound to. He says the company considers him one of the best agents they got, and I'll warrant he *is*."

"A man that's reached the highest p'int of his ambition when he does pretty well selling washing machines," said Chester, "aint any great shakes of a man. Women don't know a man when they see one—gosh! Take a man that *has* got a little backbone, if he haint nothing else, and a weak-minded, slack-twisted coot that'll set and gab with 'em and grin and they'll take *him* every time. More of a fool he is, better they like him."

Mrs. Hawley took off her spectacles, with the hesitancy and tremulousness with which a mild nature arrives at the point of open resentment. "I don't know what ails you, Chester," she said, "I don't know nothing at all about it. You come here and told us about your wanting Mr. Gaines to come here to board, and we took him. We didn't want to, you know we didn't; w'y Almy felt awful. She didn't see *how* we could; nor I didn't, only I knew 'twa'n't no use holding out. So he come; and Almy and I we both liked him *real* well. A pleasanter-spoken man, or one 'twas agreeabler to have around we'd never seen. We wa'n't a bit sorry we'd took him. We thought, and I s'pose Mr. Gaines thought you'd come down and be real sociable, seeing you'd been so anxious and set about *gitting* him here. 'Stead of that"—she gazed at him, at a loss for words—"how you've acted!"

Chester looked at a high picture-rail

and allowed a space to pass in silence, mainly because he had nothing to reply. "Where's Almy?" he asked, getting up.

"Mr. Gaines wa'n't busy this afternoon, and his buggy was standing there, and he and Almy went out riding," Mrs. Hawley responded, with gratification and pride and defiance.

Chester met Mr. Gaines and Alma on his way home. They bowed to him. He barely recognized the salute. Alma had on the hat she generally wore to church, and she dropped her eyes before Chester with a conscious smile. He gave his horse a cut which sent her into a mud-flinging gallop.

Long after the family had gone to bed that night, Chester sat up. He got some hard cider, and sat with the mug in his hand and his stockinged feet on the stove-hearth, occasionally throwing wood into the stove, till the room was suffocatingly warm. His brows were lowered, his under lip thrust out. His ire had culminated; and so had the strange unprecedented perplexity which had afflicted him since Luther Gaines had been at the Hawleys. His sulky withdrawal from the field of his discomfiture had availed him nothing; therefore were necessary a deliberate consideration of the business, and aggressive remedial measures. He would not confess it to himself, even while his perceptions cleared by sure degrees and his resolution found itself slowly and fixedly; he told himself that he didn't feel sleepy and he'd set up awhile. He sat up till one o'clock.

He went down town towards noon the next day, and inquired in the post office and in Hardy's drug-store whether that washing-machine agent had been around there that morning. He had not; and he ranged through the other stores with the same inquiry. He did not go home at noon, but ate some crackers and cheese in the grocery, keeping near the window to keep watch of the passers. Luther Gaines was not among them. His desire to see him down town had sprung from a somewhat delicate scruple, which was lost in his exasperation at not finding him. He flipped the crumbs off his coat and went up to the Hawleys.

The noise of a horse's feet came from the barn, and thither Chester twined his steps. The agent was harnessing, and sending out a loud tuneless whistle. With his first distant view of Chester it wavered and died. But he greeted him with the grinning cheerfulness which Chester bitterly despised.

"I'm just starting for Bradby's; you know where 'tis," he said. "I sold two machines there at one whack, one to young Bradby and one to the old folks, right across the road. I tackled the young folks first; business, wa'n't it now? I says to myself, if the young folks got a machine, w'y, the old woman wouldn't rest easy till *she* got one; nor no more she didn't. Oh, I've learnt pretty much how to go at folks; you got to, it's a part of the—"

Chester brought down a heavy hand on a projecting handle of the machines in the buggy. "I s'pose you've sold about as many of these things here in town as you *can* sell; haint you?" he questioned.

"About as many as I can, I guess, right round here," Luther admitted.

"Right around here," said Chester, "is what I'm talking about." He eyed the machines. "You got any of these that you haint disposed of?"

"Four," said Luther. "I ordered four more'n what I've sold, and I'm bound to sell 'em."

"How much be they?"

"They're the ten-dollar size, them four."

"I'll take 'em," said Chester.

"What?"

"I'll take 'em," Chester repeated, louder.

It dawned upon the agent that his bearing was peculiar. Luther's long arms fell lax at his sides.

"You'll take four washing machines?" he uttered. Chester lifted his foot to the hub of the buggy. "Forty dollars?"

"You bring 'em up to my house and you'll git your money. That's all that concerns *you*; aint it?" said Chester.

"What do you want of 'em?" said Luther. His mouth remained open.

"I thought I ought to have some. I s'pose they're a splendid thing, and you

can't have too much of 'em. I thought I'd git enough to last," Chester answered. He held the agent with a grim and unwavering gaze. "With your machines all disposed of, you can git away most any time, can't you?"

"Git away?" Luther echoed; and he opened his lips several times before answering, "I got my machines to deliver."

"'Twon't take you more'n a day to do that, if you keep right at it. I should say you could git away by noon to-morrow," said Chester. "Twelve-fifteen train. You are going back to Trumbull, aint you?"

"I be, when I'm ready," said Luther, his pink skin warming. "I'm going to canvass Centreville; 'tain't but three miles from here."

"If you're going to canvass Centreville, you'd better get board in Centreville," Chester rejoined; "that's what you'd better do. I advise you to. I know all about how things are *here*—I've seen to 'em here for ten years—and I know 'tain't noway convenient for 'em to have boarders, and you've been here 'most three weeks. I should say you could git away by noon to-morrow, easy," and he lingered for a little, and tried to add a few words by way of apology or assuagement. But his grudge, as yet unquenched, was too profound. "Nice day you got for riding around," he said, and left the barn.

In the side yard Alma was transferring her artemisias to pots and old pails. An old white nubia covered her head and trailed among the flowers as she stooped. Her cheeks were reddened by the wind, and her hair was becomingly disarranged. She gave a start.

"W'y, Chester!" she said. "You're 'most a stranger."

"You want these took in the house, don't you?" said Chester.

"I'm going to have them on my plant-stand in the south sitting-room window."

He carried one in, and she followed with another.

"Set down a minute!" he said; and she sat down and looked at him with apprehension. It was a plain expression of the dread with which his late behavior

had filled her. But Chester felt small compunction. She had taken off her nubia, and he saw that her hair was unwontedly crimped. Crimped for Luther Gaines!

"Your boarder's going to leave," he said. "I was talking with him just now. He's got all his machines sold, and he thinks he can git away by noon to-morrow. He's going to canvass Centreville next."

"I hadn't heard him say anything about going," said Alma. She read his satisfaction in Chester's dry smile, and she bridled.

"I reckon you'll miss him," said Chester. "Your mother thinks he's a splendid fellow to have 'round, and I s'pose *you* do. That kind of great soft-looking, tonguey fellers, that know it all, they *be* an ornament 'most anywhere."

There was a stillness of some duration. It seemed to bristle with emotions of a harassed nature. Alma looked fixedly out of the window; helpless, in her subdued femininity, to defend or retaliate.

"What I want to know," said Chester, with no softening of tone, "is whether you're going to marry me? You can have me if you want me, and I can't say any more'n that; there aint any more to say. It's for you to settle."

"Chester!" Alma gasped. She stared at him with a momentary want of comprehension. She trembled, and gathered her dress tightly in her fingers. A pitiable flush rose in her cheeks. "Chester," she faltered again, and finding something to put to her eyes she began to cry.

Chester went over to her, and with his large fingers stroked her hair, in a cautious way; her waves seemed frail and perishable. "Will you have me, Almy?" he said.

"I've always liked you, Chester," she whispered, weeping. The long-ago disappointment of her hopeful ambition, her balked womanly tenderness, her changeless remembrance of him as a lover, her years of dumb wistfulness—for these her tears flowed.

In some wise he divined her mood, and the reasons for it; and suffered a confused sensation to which he could not

give a name. But he said no more; along that especial line he knew no more to say.

"I heard Luther was making it up to some woman or other over in Trumbull—widow with a child or two," he said after a time. He had heard it some seven years ago, and had never heard it since; but he could not deny himself the conclusive satisfaction of saying it to

Alma. She dimly fathomed the deception and the motive. "W'y," she murmured, "I didn't really s'pose he cared any great about *me*, Chester. Mother thought maybe he *might*," she added faintly.

They saw the washing-machine agent drive out of the yard, without looking towards the house. Chester sat down beside Alma, and took off his hat.



MY LADY TOT.

BY JOHN S. PATTON

YES, here she sat—a laughing little knave!
My heart grows strangely sad as I recall—
And here the ivy climbed the garden wall;
There grew the rose I planted on her grave.

Toss not your curls; the rest I shall not tell,
But turn in homage to my comrade, sweet
As yonder rose the minstrel breezes greet
With am'rous tale of some smit asphodel.

To you love cometh at a joyous pace—
Life's sweetest sonnet on his rosy lip;
But love, my dear, *may* get too old to trip,
And lose youth's badge of roses from his face.

So, pause with me beside this bed of thyme—
[*She* lingered only 'through the sunny years,
My damsel]—Nay, child, I'm not in tears,
But only conning o'er some lover's rhyme.

Write in your journal, on its first blank sheet:
"The nearer Love, the closer cometh Death,
Till on Love's glowing cheek its grave-damp breath"—
Bah! write that down a fib, and kiss me, sweet.

You won't, My Lady Tot! Those cherry lips,
Other than mine, shall meet in sweet embrace;
Some younger knight kissed of a softer grace
Shall greet you so. / touch your finger tips!

HOW THE GOLD WAS FOUND.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

IT was a number of years ago when the little mining town of Ruby Flat was beginning to attract attention, that David Canfield found his way to its one shabby, little hotel.

Accident, rather than intention had landed him there—really it was little he cared at that time where he was. Fate had been especially cruel, as it seemed, to him.

Yet fate is sometimes kinder than we think.

He had been rich; he was now poor. He had been educated to do nothing in particular; he was now likely to be compelled to do a number of things, and to do them satisfactorily, or not be able to earn his bread and butter.

"Confound it all!" he thought, looking gloomily around his nine by eleven bed-chamber, where if he stood erect in one end he was likely to bump his head, and where the one small window promised to admit a little air and a possible escape from fire, should a fire occur.

"I don't see why, at eighty years old, Uncle Nate should want to marry. I'm only twenty-four, and a wife's the last thing I want," fumed David. "And for him, in his dotage, to go and marry a girl of twenty—its the most preposterous thing I ever heard of, the most ridiculous, and it quite cuts me out. Ah! there's the rub."

It was little wonder David felt himself badly used. He had been the pet and pride of this rich old uncle from his orphaned childhood, and had been indulged to an extent neither of them fully realized.

And now the tables were turned with a vengeance, and from being heir presumptive to a million dollars he was heir to nothing but a pair of white hands, luxuriant tastes and no trade or profession by which to earn his living.

Things might not have been so bad, but it all came so sudden—that there had been a scene with his uncle—and they had parted with exceedingly bitter feelings toward each other.

"Go!" said the old man, "I am done with you."

And the young man went.

"I've just fifty dollars left in my pocket," he mused. "I am no Macawber who waits for things to turn up. I've got to find something to do before that fifty dollars subsides."

He sat on that hard little bed and whistled an opera and reviewed his talents.

"Uncle suggested once that I read law, but I scouted at the idea. He also hinted that I might cultivate a taste for general business. What an out and out fool I have been anyway! I can do a number of things in an indifferent manner, but not one thing well enough for a cash return."

He went down to a very badly prepared supper. Help such as his landlady could get was exceedingly young and inexperienced, and, as she further complained, got married and left her about once a week.

"You might make it pay as a matrimonial agency, perhaps," suggested David, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, indeed," sniffed the irate landlady, "don't need any agents in these parts; all the boys want is to find the girls."

Having made out to eat sparingly of the messes before him, David went out upon the porch to smoke his cigar.

A rough looking fellow lounging near glanced up at his approach.

"Mighty pleasant smell that cigar has," he said; "reckon it aint no five-center."

David felt an inclination to resent the implied request, but remembering his

poverty and how unseemly it was for him to smoke cigars that cost thirty dollars per box, he handed the fellow the last one he possessed, saying cordially:

"They come a little higher; I have just one left. Try it."

The fellow laughed; he had a pleasant, hearty laugh and a rough but kindly countenance.

"You thought me a beggin', but I wasn't; pipes is generally good enough for me; however, since you offer it so polite, reckon I kin try it." A little while after he added:

"'Bout the best cigar I ever sampled. 'Spose you didn't buy it in these parts?"

David shook his head, he did not care to talk. The fellow eyed him in evident amusement.

"An out and out swell," he thought, "white hands with rings. Bless me, and down in his luck, too, I should say," and having finished his cigar he strolled away where a party of friends were.

"What's the new greeny after? Got any stakes to put up, I wonder."

"Think not, but seems to be down in his luck, an' not know what to do."

"Fellers as is broke an' no account ter work, had better keep away from Ruby Flat," growled big Mack Kelley.

Three weeks later found David still at Ruby Flat and not a whit better off; in fact he was decidedly worse off, as he possessed just one silver dollar, which he would give to his landlady for his breakfast, and then he would be penniless. He had looked about for something to do that he could do, but as yet had discovered nothing. He had not even made any friends, as the boys seemed to look with contempt upon his good clothes and white hands.

Feeling that life was hardly worth a toss-up anyway, he strolled into Pen Shafer's gambling saloon and carelessly watched the games in progress.

The long room was full of a heterogeneous mass of human beings. Some were playing desperately, others drinking and joking, but every one more or less occupied.

Never in his life had David felt himself more utterly alone. Leaning idly against the wall his attention became

fixed upon a young man, quite boyish in appearance and evidently a Frenchman, who sat just in front of him, engaged in a game with a tough specimen of the Western sport. In a short time he understood that the sport was fleecing him out of every dollar he possessed.

Yes, he was cheating, and at a rate that astonished David. He only wondered that the poor, agitated young man had not detected it.

At last the sport looked up and encountered David's cold, contemptuous eyes fell upon him. An angry gleam leaped into his own. Ah, then this idle swell saw through his little game. Well, well let him beware and not interfere, otherwise—

Whether David read his challenge, he could not tell; but he walked over and stood quite near them and continued to watch their game.

The young Frenchman was indeed nervous, as a larger stake than usual was put up. The gambler raised his eyes covertly toward David's face, but read nothing. Suddenly the whole room was electrified by what took place.

David's slender hands had grasped those of the sport's which he held as in a vise, and addressing the young man he said, calmly:

"He's cheating, he's been cheating all along, See!" and by a dextrous movement David threw two hidden cards upon the table from the gambler's sleeve.

The detected gambler leaped to his feet as well as the young Frenchman. Utter silence prevailed; all knowing how serious had been the change and the desperate character of the accused.

"I take that from no man," and he drew his revolver.

David faced him contemptuously; he put his hands in his pockets and said quietly:

"I am not armed, but if this is a place where men are shot for telling the truth, then I had better be leaving."

The very quietness of his voice, and the contempt in his face, aroused the sport to a frenzy of ungovernable rage.

"Dogs who steal bread out of other people's mouths should die!"

There was a rush made—but too late ; the report of not one but two revolvers rang out.

The young Frenchman had shot the gambler just as he was ready to fire at David. The result was the gambler was killed instantly, while his ball passed wide of its mark and harmed no one.

In the deathlike silence that prevailed, David's remark to the young man at his side was heard by all.

"You have saved my life! Thank you. Henceforth, if I were you, I would let cards alone. You play worse than you shoot."

Then he drew back, and the young man faced the crowd.

"You all know and understand what has happened. It was a bad life or a good one. He had tried to save me—I only returned his own kindness, and I cast myself upon your mercy. If you let me off this time, it shall be the last scrape of this kind I ever get into."

In the meantime David had drawn back near the doorway, when a good-looking, bronzed individual in corduroy touched his arm.

"The boy's all right ; they won't be unduly harsh. But I desire you to call upon me at my room in the hotel at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. I am the civil engineer of the new railroad we are pushing through these mountains. You'll come?"

David bowed, wondering the while why he was wanted.

In the morning, exactly at seven, he rapped upon his door, a brusque "come in!" rang out, and when he entered he found the young engineer bending over a table littered with charts and maps, queer drawing, and many odds and ends.

"Sit down," said his host, who scarcely glanced up to see who his visitor was. "I'm in a deal of a fix. There's been no end of trouble all along, partly because I could not do two men's work, and partly owing to the ignorance of the help I had. Do you draw?" suddenly wheeling around.

"Draw?" said David, a flush rising to his brow. "Yes—a little."

The young engineer whom he had discovered was called John Maley,

laughed softly, after a manner he did not relish.

"So I supposed ; and play the piano a little, too?"

"Yes—more than a little."

The other gave a long whistle.

"I'm not interested in your talents as a piano pounder, but I am in the other direction. Now, draw your chair up here, and we will see if I can make you understand these figures—and—and what I want of you."

Wondering, but silently, David obeyed. By-and-by he begun to catch the drift, and became interested.

Three hours later, flushed and alert to the work before him, his new-found acquaintance leaned back in his chair and regarded him in jubilant satisfaction.

"I'm not curious, but I'm pretty good at guessing," he began. "You've been educated with great care ; taught mechanical and architectural drawing before they let you daub in colors. I suppose the music was done in the same conscientious manner, and that's why you play more than a little. For some reason, which is no concern of mine, you came out here dead-broke, either through fraud or something. You didn't care if that old tough did shoot you, just then. All this is none of my affairs, not a particle ; only, young man, when you struck the West to find gold on bushes, I want to say you've pretty nearly done so, or I'm no prophet."

"I don't understand," said David, quite taken aback by the shrewd guesses that had been made. "I'm dead-broke, fact enough, but I fail to see the gold on the bushes—yet."

"What do you suppose my services are worth to the railroad company—I mean what do you think they pay me?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

John Maley named a sum that astonished David very much.

"I know the ins and outs of the whole gigantic affair ; it's been the study of my life. But I need just such help as you can render. It'll be no play, I can tell you that ; but at the end, if you choose, you'll find the gold on the bushes—just as I have. You can begin at—," and he named what appeared

to David a very fair salary. "Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said David, thankfully. "I should say as much. I'll do my best."

"I thought so, something in the grip of your white hands as they held the gambler's, made me think they could be of use to me here. I was right. I suppose you can begin work at once; I'll lay it out for you. This evening you and I will call upon a pretty little cousin of mine I have in this place, the proud possessor of a new piano, which she plays shockingly bad."

"Don't!" exclaimed David. "I'll get a worse name than I already possess. They'll think me a womanly-man."

But his new employer only laughed and went out of the room with his usual rush.

The proud possessor of that new piano proved to be a little pet of a girl, who greeted them with smiles and blushes and brought "pa" and "ma" into the parlor to hear the music. Pa happened to have been a holder of big mining shares that had gone up and up.

By-and-by David sat down to the piano, so shining and splendid, and Rose

crept up near in order that she might watch the performance.

"She's awfully sweet," thought the young man, "and like myself there's likely to be a come-out to her."

Then he played some simple airs he fancied his audience would best appreciate.

After a time his chief put in a plea:

"That's all nice enough, but now play to suit yourself."

And he did for a time, drifting at last into "Home, Sweet Home," with variations.

Feeling a sense of chill as the last chords were struck, he turned around to be met with loud applause from "the boys," who filled doors and windows, that the master of the house had quietly opened.

"That beats everything!" said rough Mack Kelley, wiping his eyes, "Why I saw the old woman an' the old home like they was long ago."

But John Maley looking on, not without a lump in his own throat, saw something else.

"It'll wind up in a wedding; I had not calculated on that, but he's a splendid fellow—or will be when he's had a chance to develop."





ELIAKIM'S LUCK.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

ABOUT midway of a not very imposing block of buildings, situated in a side street, near the edge of the busy part of the city, was a small shop, or store, as the proprietor called it. Above the door was a sign, its freshness long ago worn off, bearing the name of Eliakim Stumbles. In front of this projected an iron rod, from which swung a wooden representation of a Brobdingnagian watch, its painted hands drooping despondently under the futile pretence that twenty-two minutes past eight was correct time *all* the time. In the show-window beneath—there was but one—were several much smaller watches, a few cheap articles of jewelry, and half a dozen low-priced clocks. The case enclosing one of the latter sometimes drew the brief notice of a passer-by. It was in the form of a man, a sailor, who had an enormously broad stomach, in which the works were set. The dial occupied the place where the jolly tar's waistcoat should have been, but he did not seem to mind that little irregularity in the least; his mouth wore a good-natured smile, and his eyes kept up a continual winking in time to the beats of the pendulum that was swinging away somewhere in his inner man. This figure stood upon a little velveteen-covered pedestal, in front of which was a neat bristol-board placard, with these words, in black letters, painted on it: "Repairing Done Here." In support

of which announcement, a little farther back, though still in plain view of the public, at his bench repairing, when he had anything to repair, sat Eliakim Stumbles. He was a slender, smallish man, with a pale face and faded yellow hair. His stooping shoulders and his eyes rimmed with red told of the confining nature of his work. He had been examining, through his magnifying-glass, the movement of a watch lately taken from its case, but now he raised his head and straightened his bent back a little as a boy of fifteen opened the door and entered the shop.

"Well, did you get anything?" he asked, with a tremor of anxiety in his nasal voice, and at the same time pushing his glass up on his forehead—it being fastened in some way by a piece of wire to one of his ears—so that he suggested a species of fabled three-eyed monster.

"No, sir," the boy replied; "he said he was very sorry, but he hadn't a cent to spare. He had just paid a bill that took all he had. I guess he told the truth, for he put off the gas-man with a little account of two dollars and a quarter while I was there."

"Oh, I suppose he'd have let me had it if he could," returned Eliakim, "though I hadn't really much idea I should get it," he added, dejectedly.

The boy went down toward the rear of the shop, around the end of the counter, and, coming back behind it, seated himself at the bench on a low stool beside Mr. Stumbles. He lifted a glass cover, under which were some loose watch wheels that needed cleaning, and

went on with his work, interrupted half an hour earlier to run upon the fruitless errand from which he had just returned.

"Did you want that money very much, Uncle 'Liakim?" he inquired, after a moment.

"I want *some* money so badly that I don't know what I am going to do without it, Andy," answered Mr. Stumbles, with a heavy sigh. "That interest money on the mortgage comes due at the savings bank to-morrow, and if it isn't paid I don't know what will happen. They'll foreclose, I suppose, and that'll be the end of me, worse luck."

"Oh, don't feel so upset over it, Uncle," said the boy, consolingly; "the money needn't be paid until to-morrow, and something may turn up inside of twenty-four hours."

"Twenty-two hours and fifty-six minutes," corrected Eliakim, glancing up at his "regulator," that hung on the wall beside the window; "the bank closes at two o'clock sharp. But there won't anything turn up, you needn't count a mite on that. Nothing ever does with me. I'm not one of the lucky kind. They say luck comes knocking at every man's door once during his lifetime, and if he isn't at home to let him in, why, so much the worse for the man. Now I haven't ever been away from home, not even to take a little vacation in the summer, since I can remember, but luck never has knocked at my door, and I don't believe he knows where I live even."

"There's time enough for luck to come yet, Uncle 'Liakim; let us hope he has you on his list and is only waiting until he can bring you something especially good," said Andy, with a bright attempt to cheer the despondent one. "You haven't lived all your life out by a good deal, I trust."

"Might as well have," returned Mr. Stumbles, refusing to be cheered, "for all I've amounted to so far. I've never had anything but bad luck since I can remember. First came a fire, and I not insured, and then a burglary just when there was a nice gold watch in here being repaired that was taken, and I had to pay for it. And then when I did get a little ahead one time, like a great fool, I

had to go into an outside speculation and sink it all. And that watch that the fellow ran away with too, that was the aggravating thing; I haven't got over feeling bad about that yet, though 'twas so long ago."

"What was that, Uncle?" asked Andy. "I don't remember hearing you tell about it."

"Haven't you ever heard me speak of that before?" queried the uncle. "Well, that was about the most provoking thing. A man came in her, a number of years ago, and wanted to buy a gold watch. I showed him one that suited him—I used to carry a few nice watches in stock then—and he said he'd take it. He did take it. He put it in his pocket and hauled out some money as if he was going to pay for it, but before he'd got that far, all of a sudden he hallooed out something that I didn't understand, and scooted through that door like a flash and disappeared. Of course, I put out after him, but by the time I'd got 'round by the end of the counter and out into the street he wasn't anywhere to be seen; nor anywhere to be found in the city either, so the police said."

"Well, he was pretty cool about it, I declare," commented the nephew.

"Yes; the bare-faced impudence of the thing was just what made it succeed so well. The fellow looked honest, and I hadn't the least suspicion that he wasn't until he played that shabby trick on me. But I suppose I might have expected it, it was all of a piece with my usual luck."

"Oh, Uncle, you look too much on the dark side altogether," exclaimed Andy, "you have a piece of good luck once in a while, I am sure. How about that money that was left Aunt Lucy by her great uncle?"

Eliakim shook his head with undiminished dolefulness. "Now there's a case that just shows out what my luck is," said he. "Your Aunt Lucy and I did think at first that that money was quite a windfall, but what was the result finally? Why, we had to go and buy that house that we couldn't wholly pay for, thinking we might make a little speck letting lodgings, and now here's

this mortgage that I have to keep the interest paid up on, and pretty hard scratching it's been, too, coming right in the dull season, as it does. I've always made a go of it until this time, but I guess I'll have to give up the struggle now."

"What is the amount due?"

"Seventy-five dollars, and I've got all but \$71.25," returned Eliakim, with a grim attempt to be facetious. "Nice encouraging outlook, isn't it?"

Andy made no response. He wanted to comfort his uncle, but what more could he say? The case did look hopeless, and no mistake.

"I kind of thought," Eliakim went on, after a short silence, during which he was staring at the dismounted watch in his hand without seeing it at all, "that is I rather imagined that my luck had been a little grain better since we took you to live with us. You've always been a pretty lucky boy, Andy, except for losing your folks, now haven't you?"

"Why, I've always had enough to eat and clothes to wear," his nephew admitted. "I don't call that being so very tremendously lucky, though, of course, I'm glad to be as well off as I am."

"Well, all things considered, you're a mighty sight luckier than I am, and I didn't know but what your luck was changing mine for the better a little, maybe. I've noticed that when I have taken your advice about anything it has generally turned out better than though I'd gone ahead all on my own responsibility."

"Do you think so?" returned the boy, looking doubtful, but feeling gratified.

"Yes, I really do. I know your judgment is uncommon good for a youngster, though, of course, you make your mistakes now and then same as the best of us. I aint sure now that I did quite right in following out that last suggestion of yours. You remember you advised me to launch out a little and put in a line of fancy clocks. I got half a dozen—I bought 'em on time—and I paid the bill last week. Well, you see, they've been in the store three

months and not one of 'em sold yet. Then there's that sailor-man in the window that I've had years and years. Last time the spring broke I was for heaving it among the old junk in the back shop, but you wanted me to tinker it up once more, and so I did. People stop and look at it once in a while, I'll allow, and occasionally some one comes in and asks the price, but that's all it amounts too."

"But, if it makes people look, perhaps it does some good in the way of drawing other trade," argued Andy. "There's somebody staring at it now."

"Yes; perhaps he'll come in and inquire what I'll take for it," said Eliakim, gloomily; "but he won't buy it; you see if he does."

"He's looking at *you* now, Uncle. There! he's coming in!"

His lips had not closed before the door was opened, and there entered a man of somewhat rough appearance, with a great shaggy beard and a much browned face and hands. He was dressed in a blue suit of clothes that were more noticeable for roominess than for nicety of fit. It was evident at a glance that he was a sailor in "long togs,"—that is to say, wearing his on-shore garments. As he crossed the threshold, Mr. Stumbles arose and stood up behind his show-case, with the slight bow, the murmured greeting and the questioning air with which some tradesmen are wont to receive their customers. The price of the clock was on his tongue's end, but the man did not ask it. He gazed intently at Eliakim for a moment, and then, with a jerk of the head toward Andy, demanded abruptly:

"That your boy?"

"Why, yes," answered the watchmaker, in surprise, "I suppose I can call him my boy. He's a sort of apprentice of mine; but he isn't my son, if that's what you mean. He's my nephew."

"Oh, your nevvie, is he?" returned the sailor. "Well, he looks like a smart boy. Be'n to school, I s'pose?"

"Certainly; he has been through the grammar school," replied Eliakim, in growing wonder at this strange interrogatory.

"Knows how to cipher then, prob'ly;

eh, Bub?" continued the man, now speaking directly to Andy, who had become very red in the face at being the subject of the foregoing talk.

"You mean do examples in arithmetic?" queried the boy.

"Ay! cipher, figger, do sums, or whatever other name you hail it by. Are ye up to that sort o' business?"

"Why, yes, sir; I think so, unless its something tremendously hard."

"Well, I've got a sum—it's putty middlin' long, but I guess it won't floor ye. If your uncle aint no objections I'd like to have ye tackle it for me. I've allus neglected my own eddication shameful, as fur as book-learnin' counts for eddication. I be'n goin' to sea ever sence I was knee-high to a grasshopper; and, even if I know'd how, my fingers has got too stiff and awkward to steer a pencil through all them queer little querly-gigs without runnin' on to a reef or to a shoal fust thing 'most."

"Very well," said Andy; "what is the sum?"

"I'll reel it off to ye when you're ready; but you must take the biggest piece o' paper you can find, for it's a reg'lar long-winded one."

"Use the paper on the bench," suggested Eliakim; "it's got so dirty it'll have to be changed soon."

Accordingly Andy took a lead pencil, and, poising it over the large sheet of paper, once white, with which the work-bench was covered—that the little watch wheels laid upon it might be seen the more readily—he announced his readiness to begin.

"Fust put down a hundred dollars in the corner," directed the sailor.

"Yes; and what next?" asked the boy.

"Then I want ye to figger out the interest on that for one year."

"At what rate?"

"Eh?"

"I said at what rate? At what per cent. do you want the interest reckoned?" explained the boy.

"Oh! Well, lemme see, what per cent. do they most gin'ally git?"

"Why, you get about four per cent. for money deposited in savings banks."

"And those same banks charge you

five per cent. for money borrowed on a mortgage," put in Eliakim, speaking from bitter experience, as he recalled that load of seventy-five dollars interest money to be paid—or the unpleasant consequences taken—on the morrow.

"The legal interest in this State, when one man borrows from another, is six per cent," added Andy.

The sailor considered a moment, then said: "Well, turn her loose at six, mate; I guess that'll be about the square deal."

"It will be six dollars for one year," said Andy.

"Good! Now set that six dollars down under the hundred, and find out what'll be the interest on them two amounts for another year."

"Six dollars and thirty-six cents," announced the boy, immediately.

"Sho! but you're a tidy little reckoner," cried the stranger, admiringly; "did it all in your head, too. Well, plank that down in under t'other two, and figger out the damage for another year on them three."

This was done, the amount was placed in line, and the former process repeated until the interest had been calculated to the end of the ninth year.

"You went through that as slick as grease," commented the sailor, who could not contain his admiration for the boy's quickness. "You're plum sure that's right, are ye? Sure it's enough, I mean; I'd ruther have it a dollar too much than a cent too little."

"I am very certain it is correct," Andy replied; "I have been carefully over it all twice."

"Well, then jest reckon the interest on all o' that for three months and—lemme see—fifteen days, call it, and then set that down with the rest and add 'em all up in a lump."

"One hundred and seventy-one dollars and eighty-nine cents," Andy reported, after a few moments.

"Jee-whittaker! how that hundred dollars has growed!" ejaculated the sailor. "That 'ere six per cent. interest is a 'mazin' smartnuss, I must say. I'd no idee that hundred would cawl along up so, but I'm glad it has—the more the better. Now, to business."

With which remark the strange man took from his pocket a leathern pouch, such as is often used for carrying tobacco. But in this particular pouch there was something far more valuable than tobacco. It was heavy with coin. The owner loosened the leathern thong that bound it, and opened the mouth until he could get his hand into it. Then, with due deliberation and an important air, but without uttering a syllable meanwhile, he lifted out of his treasury seven double-eagles, three ten-dollar pieces, a "cart-wheel," and eighty-nine cents in change. These he set up in a little pile on the glass of the show-case, and then pushed them toward the now greatly-interested Eliakim.

"There ye be, Mr.—Mr.—what might your name be, might I ask?"

"Stumbles," the owner of the name managed to reply.

"Well, there ye be, Mr. Stumbles. One hundred and seventy-nine dollars and eighty-nine cents, in full to date. Take it, it's yours."

"Wha—what do you mean?" gasped Eliakim, unable to believe his senses.

"I mean," answered the sailor, beaming with satisfaction, "that nine odd years ago I didn't pay you a hundred dollars, and this is the fust chance to do it I've had sence. It's cost me seventy-one dollars and eighty-nine cents, that leetle delay, but it's be'n a sight heavier load on my mind than ever it could be in my pocket, let me tell you. That money is for a gold watch I bought of you—"

"What! are you the man that ran away with that watch?" demanded Eliakim, incredulously.

"Well, that's one way o' puttin' it," returned the other, reddening beneath his heavy coat of sunburn. "I ran and I had the watch, but I didn't run away, and the watch didn't have northin' to do with my runnin' either. It looked bad for me, I'll allow, but my intentions was all right. Here's how it was, if you'll listen."

"I should be very glad to have you explain," said Eliakim, who was much inclined to think this tardy payment a case of "conscience money." But it proved he was mistaken. The sailor

was honesty itself and never for a moment had intended to defraud him.

"It's a putty long yarn, the whole of it, and I'll have to take two or three double reefs in it or I should tire ye all out with my jaw," he began. "You see the day I bought that watch it was all chance my comin' into your store. I'd never be'n in this town afore in all my born days, but I'd jest got into port from a long v'y'ge and I run up here from New York to find a feller that I wanted to see mighty bad, a feller that had sarved me a mean trick in years past, and cheated me out of a lot o' property that rightfully ought to be'n mine. Well, when I got here he'd jest left for parts unknown,—or leastwise so I was given to suppose. So I was for puttin' back to New York again. I was on my way to the deepo when I happened to pass your store and see that 'ere mariner a standin' up behind the winder-pane as bold as brass. You used to have the same one in those days, and I knowed the old feller jest now the minute I clapped my peepers on him, a turnin' up his eye-balls to'rd the top of his head like he was goin' into a conniption fit. Well, as I was a sayin', I see that clock and I stopped to look at it. And then I looked a little furdur and I see a watch that took my fancy right away.

"So in I comes and asks the price of that ticker, and says I'll take it. I puts it into my fob and am jest goin' to haul out the money to pay for it when who does I ketch sight on but the very chap I'd come up here from New York to see. Well, sir, the minute I got my eye on that rascal I forgot everthing else but that I must put after him, so I clapped on all sail and gave chase, never thinkin' a word about the watch till a long time afterwards. You see he was off for New York by the fust train, that was a leavin' in less'n two minutes after we reached the deepo. Now I couldn't go up and grab him by the collar and order him to hand over, that wouldn't ha' worked at all. I could have the law on him if I could git a chance at him, but I'd got to have time to do it. So I didn't know no better way than to foller him. He didn't know me—I'd growed up from a

little shaver sence he see me fust—but I knowd him and I was bound I wouldn't loose sight of him in a hurry. Well, where do you think he was a headin' for? Why, for Singapore. Yes, sir; he was fust mate of a ship that left the port o' New York soon's ever he could git aboard 'most. They'd only be'n waitin' for him. But they took me along, too. I went as a passenger, the crew bein' all complete. We was ninety-three days out when we was run into by a steamer, and after keepin' afloat a spell we was obleeged to take to the boats. That's when him and me got separated.

"Then you didn't catch him?" queried Eliakim, who, with Andy, had been listening to the sailor's yarn almost open-mouthed.

"Nary time," was the reply. "Yaller Jack ketched him finally and he went to Davy Jones' locker. That was up'ards of a year ago. Sence then I've be'n a savin' up again the time when I should find you and pay ye for that watch. You see a sailor can't always go jest where he takes a notion to. He has to drift about more or less where the wind and waves takes him; and the best I could do I haint be'n able to git back into these parts agin till now, not sence I left 'em nine year or more ago. But here I be at last, and there's your money, and mighty glad I be to git red on it too."

"I must allow it comes in very handy for me just now," said Eliakim; "but I shouldn't have asked for so much interest. Haven't you pretty nearly cleared yourself out?"

"Oh, no; there's shot in the locker yet, though the bag aint quite so hefty as 'twas," replied the sailor, giving it a shake. "But never you fear for me. I've got a berth as fust-mate of a fine ship that sails from Boston next week, and I guess I can look out for myself 'bout as well as the average. Say, though, I had ruther a tough job a findin' of ye, Mr.—Mr. Stumbles. I didn't know your name no more than northin'; I didn't notice what 'twas when I was in here fust. But that 'ere little sailor-man in the winder, I knowed him, and when

I stepped inside I recko'nized you; you aint changed a bit, scarcely. Well, I hope that money will bring ye good luck, and I wish ye good day!"

"There, Uncle," exclaimed Andy, with sparkling eyes, as soon as the door had closed, "you can't have anything to say against your luck this time."

"No; that's a fact, I haven't any call to complain," admitted Mr. Stumbles, weighing the coins in his palm with a more cheerful face than he had worn for many a day. My conscience! that *was* a stroke, wasn't it? Enough to pay my interest and a hundred dollars over. But it was you that were the cause of it, Andy. If you hadn't advised me to keep that little sailor in the window, probably the big sailor never would have found me out. Andy, my boy, your aunt and I haven't ever regretted taking you in, and I'm sure we never shall. If ever I do prosper, as I begin to hope now I shall, it'll all be owing to you, and I shall do well by you, depend upon it."

LITTLE MASTER'S BODY-GUARD.

EVA A. MILHOUS.

IF you had asked Jim what position he occupied in the big white house owned by Judge Lewis, he would have replied: "I is de little master's body-guard." And from his manner of saying it you would have concluded forthwith that the honor attached to that position far exceeded that of any other afforded by the Lewis establishment. Indeed, it is to be doubted if even Judge Lewis himself, who wore a tall hat and administered justice in the county court, felt half so important as did the little black menial who conducted Master Ray to the gate every morning to see the judge mount the sedate chestnut horse which habitually carried him into town. And when the judge rode off it was always to Jim that he spoke. "Take care of the little master, Jim," he would say. And Jim would respond with military promptness: "All right, yer honor!"

In the afternoon when the judge came

up the long avenue towards the house, Jim would stoop so that Ray could clasp his chubby little arms around his neck, and he would gallop down the walk after the manner of a most spirited horse, until he stood in front of the judge, his honest black face glowing with pleased importance as he made his report:

"I've took care of the little master, yer honor!"

Then he would gallop off again in a way that would have shocked the judge's staid chestnut could that animal have known that these antics were in imitation of his kind, while the little rider proved his courage by chuckling and gurgling in the most perfectly fearless manner.

Later on, when Ray was seven, a real horse was purchased for him, and it was wonderful to see the pride with which Jim regarded his increased responsibility.

Never did a horse receive such careful grooming as did that pony of the little master's, and when the saddle was put on it Jim would examine the girth and stirrups with the most critical inspection imaginable; then, as if the pony was not the most reliable one that could be procured in the country, Jim would mount it himself and test its condition before permitting the little master to ride it.

When Ray learned to guide the pony sufficiently well to accompany his father into town, Jim would ride behind them on one of the farm horses, expanding as though he had had a diet of yeast when the judge commented on the correctness with which he had taught the little master to handle his bridle. And when the judge dismounted in front of the courthouse he would say as usual: "Take care of the little master, Jim;" and Jim would answer with his cheery "All right, yer honor!"

One morning, when they had left the town a mile behind them, Jim heard a sound that made his honest heart stand still. He had heard it before—the baying of the blood-hounds that were set on the track of prisoners who had escaped from the jail—but never before had it seemed so near. He stopped his horse to listen, and as he did so the baying of the dogs fell on his ear with startling

distinctness as they came down the road towards them.

"It aint nothin' but some dogs comin' down the road," said Jim, reassuringly. "S'pose you an' me try to beat 'em to the woods, Little Master."

He tried to speak carelessly. He did not wish to alarm Ray, and yet he felt the importance of reaching the woods as quickly as possible. If they could only get there before the dogs came up with them! He knew if the hounds were on the track of a prisoner, they would not attack any one who was not directly in the path of their prey.

Bordering the narrow road, on each side, was a hedge so thick as to be impenetrable, and Jim saw no way of avoiding the blood-hounds unless he and Ray could reach the woods ahead of them, when it was his object to plunge into the heart of the forest and leave the dogs in undisputed possession of the road. This done, unless the animals were on the wrong trail, he anticipated no danger. But suppose the dogs were off on a false scent?

He and Ray had just left the courthouse, which adjoins the jail; nobody had passed them, nor was there anyone in sight. Could it be that the hounds were in pursuit of them?

At the thought Jim set his teeth. The blood-hounds owned by the sheriff in Waplesville were ferocious animals, and on several occasions they had made short work of flying fugitives when the officers were not near to control them.

Jim struck Ray's pony sharply with his whip, and they started off in a brisk canter for the woods; but the horses were no matches for the blood-hounds, and the dogs were rapidly lessening the distance between them. Once they seemed to stop, with short, baffled barks; then they took up the trail again, and their heavy feet sounded on the bridge with a steady tramp.

In the meantime the boys made the best of the advantage gained to reach the woods. Then Jim stopped and looked back. The dogs were in sight. Three bloodthirsty hounds were covering the ground with long strides, keeping their heads pointed downward and uttering sharp, shrill yelps.

Jim hastily made a way through the forest brushwood toward a large elm-tree with low drooping limbs. He guided the horses under the widespreading branches, and speaking a few reassuring words to his companion, he waited breathlessly to see what would happen.

The woods had often been the refuge of fugitives from justice, and if the dogs were in the track of some escaped convict, they were not likely to follow the direction taken by Ray and himself.

The increasing nearness of the barks told him that the dogs had entered the woods, and Jim's heart sank as he saw them turn off to the left just as he and Ray had done.

In a moment his mind was made up. With the calmness which is apt to come to most of us at a crisis, he held out his arms to Ray and lifted him off his pony.

"Little Master," he said quickly, "does yer see that limb up above you? Well, when I hold yer up—so—yer mus' ketch it an' hold it tight. An' listen, Listen Master, dere is anuther limb under it, an' yer kin' put yer feet on it an' set as comf'able as yer could in yer little high cheer as home."

The hounds were bounding over the brushwood toward them with savage leaps, their barks shrill with triumph, their mouths flecked with foam.

There was no time to lose. Jim let his bridle fall on the horse's neck, and rising in his stirrups he held Ray high upon his head.

"Ketch hold of the limb," he shouted, "quick, Little Master!"

The terrified child clung desperately to the friendly branch. Jim held him until he had steadied himself with his feet on the lower limb, but in his anxiety for Ray's safety he had forgotten all prudence on his own account, and the uncontrolled horse, made frantic by the noise of the advancing hounds, sprang madly forward throwing him, heavily on the ground.

There he lay stunned, and happily unconscious of the fate that awaited him.

When he opened his eyes an hour later, he was in his own little room in

the judge's house, with the doctor counting his pulse, and Ray clinging to him in a helpless, bewildered way, while the sheriff was explaining to the judge.

A convict had escaped from the jail after the two boys had left the courthouse, and had followed the tracks of the horses with the hope of waylaying the travellers and securing something to ride. Such things were often done; the dogs were accustomed to it, and when the prisoner, finding that he was pursued, had changed his plan and dropped from the bridge into the branch below, all trace of his footsteps had been lost in the running water, and the dogs had followed the tracks of the horses as they had been trained to do. There had been no other travelling in that direction that morning, and it was a natural, though unfortunate mistake on the part of the dogs. The sheriff was sorry, but he hoped the judge attached no blame to him. He and his officers had captured the runaway in his hiding place under the bridge, where the water was too shallow to cover him. Then they had followed the dogs to the woods, and discovered them standing guard under the tree where Ray was safely perched. As to the boy whom they had found lying under the tree, he did not think that the dogs had hurt him much—they rarely did when a person was too helpless to resist them. His chief injury seemed to be the fall, which had broken his back. Again the sheriff expressed his regret for the unfortunate affair.

Jim listened with the slowly returning consciousness that generally comes before eternal oblivion, and when he had heard all, he held out one feeble hand to his master. And the judge knelt down by the bed and clasped the little black hand in both of his and bowed his head over it.

"Jim," he faltered brokenly; "My poor, faithful boy." Jim turned to him with a pitiful imitation of the old cheery tone.

"I've took care of the little master, yer honor." And as he said it, the old proud look crept into his eyes, and he died with the fragment of a smile frozen on his little black face.



LUXURIES FOR BABY.

BY C. MILLER.

ASIDE from the necessities which a baby requires, and which are provided alike by the wealthy and those in moderate circumstances, there are certain articles for use in the nursery which can be purchased outright, or made with little expense by the ingenious hands of the prospective mother. It is the object of this article to assist, by suggestion, those of the latter class.

One of the prettiest accessories to the baby's outfit is the toilet basket. There are several ways of decorating and furnishing one. You can purchase an oblong willow basket that will answer for the foundation from twenty-five cents up. One that recently attracted my attention was ten by fourteen inches, and five inches deep. It was painted baby blue and varnished, then lined with white cambric, and padded with cotton. Over this was a covering of fine dotted swiss, made to fit smoothly over the bottom and sides. The top was finished with a ruching of the swiss edged with narrow valenciennes lace. One end was padded with cotton and covered with baby blue surah silk, the edges fringed, and it had the appearance of being fastened to the basket by bands of blue ribbon edged with lace. This made an ample cushion for safety and nursery pins. The remaining sides are furnished with pockets of different sizes to hold the necessary toilet articles—wash rags of fine old linen, comb and brush, baby's little silken hose, etc. In the middle of the basket is a round, china bowl, with a division in the centre, one side being used for a recep-

tacle for the silk sponge, the other for a bar of castile soap. A box of rice powder and a puff, with a handle four inches long, completes the outfit.

Another and more expensive basket was of round wicker-work, fifteen inches in diameter. Fine rows of cream satin ribbon were woven through the intricacies on the outside, and the inside was lined throughout with quilted cream satin. The edges of the basket and pockets were trimmed in box-pleated ribbon with picot edge, with herring-bone stitching of shaded blue embroidery silk run through the middle. Large bows of blue satin ribbon were tied on the handles. The accompanying sponge and soap bowl was of china, painted with harebells and wild grasses.

These two baskets are so delicate in coloring and texture, that great care must be taken to keep them from being soiled. I would suggest that a square cover be made of mummy cloth, with a hem and narrow edge of drawn work. When the basket is not in use, the cover can be thrown over to keep it from the dust.

A more serviceable basket can be made, that at the same time will be dainty in appearance. Paint the willow-work white and varnish it. Cut out a lining of white Turkish toweling to exactly fit the inside of the basket, and bind it on either side with white ribbon; also, bind the pockets and apply them to the lining before it has been fastened in. Make a cover for the bottom in the same way. Make a pin cushion of white muslin, with a case for it of the toweling, that can be put on and off like a pillow-case. Let the lining of the sides come together under the pin cushion, so that the place of joining will

be covered. Baste all in place. When soiled, the linings can be removed and laundered, and replaced without much trouble.

I have noticed the discomfort most mothers experience when traveling with their little ones, and have tried to think of some way to make it easier. Every mother, before starting on a journey with her babe, should make a traveling rug and pillow for the little one. I made this suggestion to a friend, and she immediately acted upon it, and, I am told, with the happiest results. Of the remains of an old silk dress (gray striped with blue), she made a kind of comfort, lined with cotton and tied with blue ribbon. A lilliputian pillow was furnished with three cases of white cambric and one of the silk. A little pocket in one corner of the comfort served as a receptacle of the pillow-cases. The comfort, or rug, was twice as long as broad, and when the infant became sleepy the mother spread the rug on the seat opposite her, slipped the silk case off the pillow, and put it in the pocket, so when needed it could be found; laid the tired little head on the dainty white pillow, and covered the child with the other half of the rug. A contrivance of this kind is easily made, and I should judge of inestimable value, considering how much it must add to the comfort of both mother and child. When not in use, the pillow and rug can be done up in a neat roll for shawl-straps, and does not present that "beddy" look that one sometimes sees when traveling, when a large white pillow is used with the accompanying small feather tick and cotton bed quilt.

A hamper-basket, made to hold the entire wardrobe of baby, can be made useful and ornamental. Take a square clothes-basket of wicker-work, with a cover, and make trays for it thus: Have a carpenter take the inside measure of the basket and make you the sides of the trays of light wood. You can make the bottoms yourself by tacking white cotton tape across it in the form of lattice-work. Slats of wood will have to be nailed to the inside of the basket at the right intervals, to hold the trays. I may as well explain here that the basket which I

describe is smaller at the bottom than at the top, so the trays must be of different sizes, the smallest one going to the bottom, etc. When the trays and slats are arranged satisfactorily, they may be painted a color as near that of the willow-work as possible. You can get the desired tint by mixing white, yellow ochre, and a little raw umber together. The basket should be long enough to allow the dresses to lay full length in their tray. The upper tray might have a wooden bottom, if thought desirable, and divided into smaller compartments, and used for the articles in most constant demand—one for towels, another for napkins, etc. A hamper-basket keeps all the "things" of the little stranger together, and allows them to be well aired at all times, and makes a light, useful piece of furniture for the nursery.

THE NAMES THEY GIVE US.

BY EMMA BENNETT.

IT does seem a great pity that people can't name themselves! And Miss Susan Matilda McElwain crammed her cards into her card-case, went out, and slammed the door after her, betokening that keen vexation of spirit which I know is always present when that hated name appears in the foreground.

I, her elder brother, Obadiah Melac-thon, have long ago ceased to murmur against the inscrutable and deplorable taste exhibited by my ancestors and visited thus upon the children in the "third and fourth generation." Just as I have, in a measure, succeeded in concealing a disagreeable mouth behind a graceful moustache, I have banished from my own mind and the minds of others the memory of that awful name by pinning it down to the initials "O. M." It isn't often that it occurs to me now; but Susan Matilda's petulant remark has somehow called up old times, and the days when we went hand-in-hand to school together, and mingled our tears in weak but heartfelt sympathy over our mutual crosses.

Susan Matilda was wont to be a gay,

æsthetic sort of creature. Arabella, or Maud, or Rosamond would have suited her to a "T."

The poet tells us, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." However true the poet's insight into human nature, he was mistaken in this. If the rose was obliged to exhale its sweetness beneath the load of such a name as "Obadiah Melacthon," for instance, it would refuse to exhale. Thus I have seen Susan Matilda struggle toward the light—art, music, poetry, were the natural cravings of her nature, but that prosaic, common-sense name clung like a millstone about her neck, and it dragged her slowly, surely down to its level. People talk about one's surroundings having much to do with the forming of one's character. What then could more strongly influence one than the name that is ever in our ears, ever before us?

Does not the Good Book tell us that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches?" and there is many a man and woman who would readily part with a fair slice of the latter, for just a presentable one of the former.

The fact has been fully illustrated that everyone cannot be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with our parents rests the choice among all the names under the sun—the good, the bad, the beautiful. Often time develops the fact that the beautiful name is as much misapplied in one case as the homely in another. But how is one to know that an expressionless, bald-headed infant will grow up into a carpenter instead of a Clay or Calhoun? and that your little "Tommy," whose father and grandfather before him have followed the plow, will develop into a Burns? Who could tell that the only reminder of George Washington the years will bring out in his little namesake will be by force of contrast, not likeness to the hatchet story?

And the freckled-faced Irish girl, who serves us our coffee and sandwiches, rejoices in the name of "Lilly," while "Mary Ann" sits at the table and flashes her diamonds. The prosaic man of business plods thro' life under the name

his novel-reading mother gave to him—"Reginald Adolphus," while the poet, plain "John Henry," attaches a nom-de-plume to his rhymes.

I must say I never before put so much thought upon the subject, as since Susan Matilda left the room an hour ago. Why shouldn't people name themselves? After all, is the idea so preposterous? What is there unreasonable about the individual most concerned having something to say about his own name? Wouldn't it be advisable to give to the little man in embryo a name on trial, and await developments? Or just a pet name, perhaps, to wear as long as it fits the little one, and then cast aside, just as the small boy exchanges his knee-pants for long ones?

Then, when years of maturity are reached, and the character is really formed, let the individual choose his own name. The name will then be some sort of character, and we will not then be daily stricken with the incongruity existing between the name and the individual. We will cease to find rollicking roundelays between the covers labeled "Young's Night Thoughts," nor will we seek for religious consolation in the yellow-backed literature that holds "Her Sin."

RIDDLES.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

IN the pioneer days, when magazines and newspapers were not so plentiful as now, and books were so rare and costly that frequently a pile of tattered almanacs comprised the farmer's entire library, it was a favorite amusement to tell riddles on long winter evenings around the fire.

The sparks flew up the wide-mouthed chimneys like golden stars, and great hickory-logs crackled and sputtered a cheerful accompaniment to the deep bass of bent grandsires, or the tremulous tones of sweet-faced grandmothers, as they drew stores of quaint legends and strange facts from their capacious memories. Some of this peculiar folk-lore of the fireside, as told me by an ancient man one winter night when I was snow-bound among the hills, will bear repeating.

Long ago a young and beautiful woman fell under suspicion of a foul murder. So nicely balanced either way was the evidence, which was purely circumstantial, that the judge found it impossible to reach a decision. Moved to pity by her youth and beauty, he decided to give her the immediate benefit of the doubt, which would depend entirely upon her own quick wit. So he placed her in charge of a burly court-crier, and bade her walk out in the vacant lot behind the court. If she could make up a riddle from something she saw there, which none of seven men selected from the audience for that purpose could guess, he would set her free. She was allowed half an hour in which to make up the riddle, and the seven men the same time in which to guess it.

At the expiration of the half hour she returned, saying:

"As I walked out and in again
From the dead the living came.
Five there were, six shall be,
Seven shall set the virgin free."

The seven men gave it up, and she was liberated; but before leaving the court she led them into the vacant lot, where, under a clump of bushes, the answer to it lay—the skeleton head of a horse, in which honey-bees had nested, and were flying in and out.

In the reign of Queen Bess there is a tradition of a spinster in the sere and yellow leaf, who was suspected of poisoning a relative. As in the former case, her life hung in the balance with her wit, and this was the riddle she read the judge:

"I love Love and Love loves me,
Love can neither hear nor see.
Love I sit, Love I stand,
Love I hold in my right hand."

The learned gentleman could not guess, of course, that love was a little pet dog to which she was deeply attached, and which was deaf and blind from old age.

The riddle probably originated with the Court Jester, whose business it was to amuse in the days when kings ate with

their fingers. But before the era of free speech, when an openly expressed opinion was often paid for to the headsman, the riddle was used as a means of conveying sentiments about the reigning powers from mouth to mouth.

That riddles have played an important part in civilization is proved by the fact that they still survive, and every country weekly has its column of mental nuts to crack.

ABOUT CHOCOLATE.

THE following way of making genuine, delicious chocolate at a very low cost has, I think, never been given to the public. Using this recipe, two little squares of unsweetened chocolate will make eight cupfuls of this delicious drink—good-sized cups, too—and as thick as even the most modern heart could wish, the thickness not coming from the abundance of the chocolate itself, but from the cornflower, which is the secret of the preparation. Shave the chocolate fine and add one pint of hot water. When dissolved add one scant teacupful of brown sugar and one pint of milk, and stir frequently—I might say incessantly. Then dissolve two heaping teaspoonfuls of cornflower in half a cupful of milk, and as soon as the chocolate boils stir it in. Of course any one who cooks much will understand that it is well to put two or three tablespoonfuls of the hot mixture into the cold milk in which the cornflower is dissolved, and then put all together. This avoids any chance of lumps. Let the whole boil up once, and the cooking is done.

Now, take one whole egg, break it into a quart bowl, and pour on it half a cupful of hot, though not boiling water, and beat thoroughly with an egg-beater. A quart bowl seems large to accommodate one small egg and half a cupful of water, but the amount of foam produced by this simple combination is perfectly amazing. I have often thought that with the addition of sugar it would make an excellent sauce for pudding for a good sized family.

Just as the chocolate is to be served, put this foam in the pitcher before pouring in the chocolate, reserving part of the foam for the top. Chocolate, of course, must be cooked in granite or porcelain ware.

It is only another form of cocoa, or, as it should be written, cacao, which is so often given to invalids on account of its nourishing qualities. Indeed, the word chocolate is simply *chocolalt*, the Mexican name for the cacao tree, a sort of evergreen which grows wild in Brazil and Central America, and which produces pods shaped like cucumbers, and containing beans about the size of large almonds.

The difference between cocoa and chocolate, as prepared for the market, is this: For the former, the seeds after taken from the pod, are dried in the sun and then made into paste, or sometimes crushed between rollers, which makes flake cocoa. For the latter, the beans are gently roasted, shelled, and reduced to a paste, and then rice, starch, cinnamon or vanilla is added to it.

I have a friend to whom I once offered the recipe for Vienna chocolate (she had never tasted any made in that way), and she almost took my breath away by replying that she did not want any better recipe than the one she had. Of course, as soon as I recovered, I asked for hers, and here it is. It will be seen that it is very simple, but there is a little secret in the preparation, too, which is an egg-beater:

For every two cupfuls (not large cupfuls, either, but the thimble size we use at the afternoon teas), take one square of chocolate and add one teacupful of hot water. When it has dissolved, add one teacupful of milk, and sugar to taste, and then stir; keep on stirring till your patience gives out, and then let it boil a few minutes and stir. Then flavor with vanilla and apply the egg-beater vigorously.

The result is good, exceedingly good, but I think it really needs a spoonful of whipped cream for each cupful. It will be seen that this recipe, even without the cream, is about twice as expensive as the other.

SHOULD YOUNG CHILDREN CYCLE?

THE question whether young children between the ages, say, of six and twelve should be allowed to cycle, and, if allowed, how much they may indulge in the pastime without incurring the risk of injury, is one of considerable interest. This, like most medical questions, is a subject on which no man, who forms his opinion after due investigation, can pronounce dogmatically, or lay down any strict and invariable rules. What for one small boy or girl might be merely healthy and beneficial exercise, for another might mean physical ruin. But while each case must be judged on its own merits, one fundamental principle may be clearly stated, namely, that no young child with any organic weakness, whether of heart, lungs, joints, or nervous system, should be allowed to mount a machine under any circumstances whatever. Eliminating, then, those who, at this period of their lives, are disqualified by nature, there is no doubt that the exercise of cycling, properly regulated and adjusted to the capabilities of the individual, is one of the very best forms of recreation that can be partaken of by children of both sexes at an early age. It develops the body, and the self-reliance and resource entailed by the management of a machine tends to strengthen and enlarge the mental and intellectual faculties. But, granting all this, great care is still necessary, and a few simple precautions, easily taken, may ensure good and avert evil. First, at what age should a child begin to ride? For most children six is quite soon enough. There are, and will be exceptions to this rule. Some children are much more forward than others, while the offspring of experts may be expected to develop, under paternal supervision, a capability which to others not so favorably placed, would seem abnormal. But for the average child, six is quite early enough, and even six for many is too early. Great care should be taken in choosing and fitting a machine to a young rider. Any old cast-off crock will not do, and may even

produce disease and deformity. The machine selected should be light, of course, the gearing low enough to admit of a short crank throw (four inches is generally ample for a child of six or seven), and the saddle and spring properly adapted to the weight and size of the rider. But most important of all is the length of reach. This should be quite short; the child should be able *easily* to touch the pedal at its lowest point with the heel. Nothing is more injurious than a reach so long that the unfortunate boy appears as if riding on a rail, just touching the pedals with the tips of his toes. Then the position must be carefully studied. Young growing tissues are easily distorted, and a saddle too far back, and handles too far forward, would certainly cause a curved spine and a permanent camel's hump. The peak of the saddle two inches behind the crank axle, and the handles so brought round and back that the child can sit perfectly upright on the machine, are two things that must be insisted on in buying either a bicycle or a tricycle for a young rider. If these essentials are present, the question of tires may be left to the pocket and inclination of the parents. But when the child is pronounced fit, and is provided with an ideal machine, the very important question arises—now far may he ride it? This is a question that cannot be answered in miles. No absolute rule can be laid down, as no two children of the same age are alike. The only thing that can be said, is that anything more than moderate fatigue is injurious. A young growing child suffers much from over-exertion. Though at the finish of a ride he may seem fairly fresh, still, if he has done too much, the results will be apparent soon after, and a sleepless night and distaste for food will show that the system is poisoned by the products of its own waste. And it must be remembered, while treating of this subject, that excessive speed is more injurious than excessive distance—and excessive hill-climbing than either. The great test, by means of which a judgment may be formed as to the distance which is sufficient for each child, is to observe: 1.

How he sleeps the night after the ride. 2. How he takes his food. 3. How he is the day after. If he sleeps well, eats well, and is bright and lively the next day, the riding has not been pushed too far, and has done good, not harm; but if he is feverish and sleepless, refuses his food, and is languid, dull and thirsty the next day, then it is certain too much has been accomplished, and that such rides if persisted in, will lead to mischief. Of course, in the case of children, as in adults, condition is attained by practice, and at the end of a few weeks the distance ridden may be increased with impunity. To sum up in a few words, a sound child, six years old, properly fitted with a machine, and riding in proper form and position, may cycle within the limits of moderation, and derive benefit and suffer no harm from the exercise.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

A SCARCE ARTICLE.—Good pencil cedar is getting so scarce that the great firm of Faber & Co. have begun to cultivate forests of cedar (*Juniperus Virginiana*) in Germany. At Schloss Stein there is a cedar forest which covers thirteen acres, and the head of the firm has, for many years, maintained nurseries and plantations of cedars on this land in Bavaria, grown from seed imported from Florida.

FOR A COLD.—A French physician, M. Roux, reports unvarying success in breaking up a cold, whether in the head, throat, or lungs, by the simple means of inhaling cologne. As soon as the first symptoms are felt, a handkerchief should be freely sprinkled with cologne water and held to the nostrils or mouth, according as the head, or throat, is affected. The inhalations of the vapor should be deep enough to produce in the pharynx an intense feeling of burning, which will be disagreeable at first, but quickly passes away. The results are said to be astonishing. Four or five inhalations of two or three minutes each, within twenty-four hours, will entirely relieve the distressing symptoms of an acute cold. It checks the superficial inflammation, relieves pain, and utterly vanquishes the cold.

SOME TESTED RECIPES

Fruit Cake.

Beat ten eggs, without separating, until very light; beat one pound of butter to a cream; warm the bowl; put in a pound of butter; cut it into blocks; then, with the back of a spoon, mash it, and then begin to beat; now add to this, gradually, one pound of granulated sugar; beat again. Have ready one and a half pounds of washed currants, one and a half pounds of raisins (stoned), three-quarters of a pound of shredded citron; mix these together and lightly flour; add to the butter and sugar first the eggs; then stir in one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a half teaspoonful of ground mace, one teaspoonful of allspice, half teaspoonful of cloves, one grated nutmeg, juice and grated rind of one orange and one lemon; beat vigorously for at least five minutes. Now stir in carefully the floured fruit. Line two fruit-cake pans with greased paper (bottom and sides), pour in the mixture, and bake in a very moderate oven four hours.

New Potatoes—Cream Sauce.

Wash and peel one quart of small new potatoes, put one tablespoonful of salt in a kettle, add sufficient water to cover potatoes, and boil until tender; drain and pour into a hot vegetable dish, and pour over them a cream sauce made as follows: Put one teacupful of rich sweet milk into stew pan, add one tablespoonful butter, pinch of salt, a dash of white pepper; when milk is hot, thicken with one teaspoonful flour, beaten to a smooth paste, with a little water; when smooth and thick, strain. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley over the potatoes just before serving.

Chicken Croquettes.

Put a cup of cream over the fire, and when it comes to a boil add a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a tablespoon of flour, which has been thoroughly mixed with the butter; when it boils up thick, remove from the fire and cool.

When sufficiently cool, add a bit of minced parsley, half a teaspoon of pepper, a teaspoon of salt, one cup of fine bread crumbs and a pint of finely chopped cold chicken. Last of all, add two well-beaten eggs and work in thoroughly with your hands. Form into small balls or croquettes, and fry in hot fat (equal quantities of butter and lard.)

Maryland Chicken.

Singe, wash, and cut the chicken into neat pieces, ready for serving. Dip into beaten egg and roll in fine bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange into a frying basket and cook in a kettle of hot fat until well done.

Test the fat by dropping in a piece of bread; if it browns in a minute, the fat is at proper heat for frying. Take up the chicken, lay on thin slices of toast, add one teacupful of sweet cream to the gravy, flavor with a few drops of onion juice, let simmer, pour over the chicken and serve very hot.

Ice Cream.

One quart of thick, sweet cream, one pint of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one pound of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vanilla. Put the milk over the fire and when hot add the eggs, well beaten. Stir constantly until the custard thickens, then remove from fire and stir in the sugar; when cool add the cream, vanilla and salt. Pour in the freezer and freeze, then pack the can in ice and let stand for two hours before serving.

Newport Peas.

Shell enough freshly gathered peas to make one quart when freed from pods. Put in a kettle, with one teaspoonful of salt and one pint of boiling water, and boil until tender; then add one large tablespoonful of butter, a dash of pepper and half a pint of thick sweet cream; let simmer a moment, but do not boil. Serve at once. Delicious with either boiled chicken or roast lamb.



OUR PARIS LETTER.

AFTER the Concours Hippique, "Varnishing Day" at the Exhibition of Paintings at the Salon of the Champs Elysées is the next public event of the Paris season where the new fashions and elegant toilettes are displayed. All the different styles in vogue were to be seen, and also the extremes, from checked woolen, made without any trimming and quite Quakerish in simplicity, to rich toilettes in brocatellé and lace. There were a goodly number of striped white and black dresses, always effective, made with corselet or revers collar, and waistband of black velvet or moire. Nearly all shades of light colors were to be seen—blue, canary-yellow, lilac, beige, pink, etc., with here and there black costumes in thin material, for example, the one worn by Sarah Bernhardt, of striped gauze and satin, with lace slightly draped over a skirt of *bleu-nuit* taffetas. All the skirts were made round and short, clearing the ground, very close on the hips, with the fullness gathered at the back instead of being flat and cut on the cross; at the foot moderately wide, and either a little ruche or cross-cut band, small flounce, a galon, a ribbon, or insertion encircling the edge. To compensate for this simplicity, the bodices are much trimmed, either with revers of bright or dark shades, round or square Boleros, Arab jackets in velvet, moire, satin, or surah, bordered with richly embroidered galloon. Yokes of *moyenage* style in velvet or

satin, with gold, steel, jet, or bead embroidery, and lace of all descriptions in quantity and color, cream, *écru*, *beurre*, *d'Isigny*, rich guipure, either white or bise, all arranged as guimpes, jabots, berthes, pointed collars, *coquillés*, etc. The sleeves are wide, but tending to fall or widen, never rising high on the shoulder.

Three materials seem to predominate, taffetas with spots or some other pattern, and the beautiful fabric called "*crépon gaufré*," made in all colors, black, amethyst, *Sèvres-blue*, poppy-red, and only requiring plenty of lace to make a lovely toilette. A dark blue was made to show an orange-colored chemisette, and with it was worn a short pelerine of sulphur-colored guipure. Chiffon is the third material, much used for trimmings, such as plissés, *coquillés*, bouffants, guimpes, chemisettes, in all sorts of pretty light tints, canary, orange, opal-blue, hyacinth-pink, etc.; it is even used for evening dresses over light silk. The bodices are all made with round waists, with waistband of soft ribbed silk, fastened with a buckle or bow; the front open and cut square, rather shorter than the waist. Then there were many pretty bodices of moire, satin, taffetas, of all colors, made close-fitting, and worn with different skirts. The great novelty in the way of material is plain taffetas, *brodè à trous*, which is a kind of open-work embroidery, called *broderie Anglaise* when worked on cambric. I only noticed three toilettes of this taffetas at the Salon, but it will be more general by the time of the

Grand Prix. And now to describe in detail a few of the costumes, no easy matter to see them, the crowd was so great. A dress of white piqué had four flat cross-cut bands of the same round the skirt, reaching to the knees; the sleeves were large gigots, and a berthe of

colored taffetas, with collars, revers, deep cuffs, and waistband of mauve velvet; the chemisette was of a paler shade of chiffon; the sleeves draped with coquilles of lace, falling in cascades to the elbow. Leghorn capeline, covered with wistaria, and white lace falling all round.



FIGS. 1, 2, 3.

piqué went round the bodice; piqué is such a hard, stiff material that I cannot say it looked graceful or well, though worn by one of the most elegant women in Paris. Another costume was canary-

A great many dresses were in light crépon, with satin stripes mounted in accordion pleats, and made all in one, blouse and skirt, drawn in at the waist with a scarf of a different shade in moire,

with long falling ends; a turned-down pleating round the neck of jet embroidered tulle. The full-pleated sleeves had deep cuffs of jetted tulle over light silk; this style of costume is best suited to slim figures. The general effect was gay, the quantity of lace used as jabots,



FIG. 4.

berthes, and collars serving to harmonize all. The collets or capes were moire, either black, beige, dark green, or almond, with rows of lace between the graduated capes, and these latter edged with spangles of jet beading. I observed many women adopted the pretty and becoming mode of a large bow of white silk tulle at the neck, but without ends.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS.

Duck is one of the most fashionable fabrics of the season, and can be obtained in a variety of patterns, dark grounds broken by fine stripes of white, white grounds striped with lines of blue, gray, brown, pearly gray, etc., while the plain patterns are noted in navy blue, pure white, brown, tan, steel, etc. The finest

yachting dresses are made of the pure white duck, and to introduce a bit of color a brilliant scarlet vest is worn under the natty jacket. The skirts are made very simply, fitted closely about the hips with the fullness held at the back in six deep overlapping plaits. A costume of this kind made at home costs very little money, but if made by a fashionable city dressmaker costs as much as a silk. The striped patterns are liked for misses' costumes, and are most serviceable for mountain or seashore wear.

Plain and embroidered linens are popular and are to be had in neutral grounds broken by gayly colored stripes, dots, etc.

Zephyrs are displayed in the finest colors and combinations, for example, a cream white ground has broken stripes of pale olive green, pink, and the least hint of yellow worked in, with fine cross



FIG. 5.

stripes of heliotrope, and at intervals of four inches bold checks of dark heliotrope are introduced over the finely checked ground.

Pink, blue, black and white combinations are exceedingly dainty, as are also

the pale and dark blue and white patterns.

A clear chocolate and white zephyr is

striped pale green and heliotrope broken by lines of white. The corded, fine and wide striped, and plain patterns are desirable for summer gowns.

Embroidered cottons have been revived and are noted in rich and simple patterns.

Gowns of embroidered Chambéry are stylishly associated with the plain fabric, and a good example of the mode is given in Fig. 1. A dainty model is shown in Fig. 2 for a tiny girl's dress. Fig. 3



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

exceedingly pretty, so are the lilac and white, rose and pearl and the finely



FIG. 8.

represents a suitable model for either wool, cotton or linen gown for midsummer.

Dotted muslins are in high favor and largely used for young ladies' and misses' dresses.

Swivel silks, which are really silk gingham, are noted in corded and figured effects.

Japanese crêpes, made of cotton, are dainty for summer gowns, and are easily washed; those of recent introduction, woven of silk and cotton, are more desirable and launder beautifully.

Challies are greatly improved; the bordered patterns are among the daintiest novelties of the season, the Dresden designs on cream grounds being particularly charming.

The present style of dress, for indoors

costume is not exempt from this rule, only that it is better then to make the jacket and blouse, or waistcoat, of one color. As the blouse shape is not the only one admissible, very elegant becoming bodices may be thought out. A

woolen skirt should be combined with a bodice of plain, shot or figured velvet, while black silk, satin or broché jupes would be most effective with bodices of silk, satin and velvet, ornamented with guipure, silk muslin, lace beading and passementerie.

Blouses are one of those, at first temporary fashions which, owing to the many advantages they possess, soon become quite indispensable articles of dress, and thanks to their being both useful and pretty, they continue to be made in great variety for almost all seasons and occasions. The model we now give in Fig. 4 is intended for dressy wear at a garden party or the like. It is made of very finely striped black and white silk, and like most of this year's blouses, has a full short basque above the dress skirt. The elbow sleeves have very wide low puffs, and certainly need long gloves for their completion; we recommend mosquetaire for the purpose. The belt is made of very broad moiré ribbon and collar sleeve bands, and the two smaller stripes are narrower ribbon to match.

Costumes complete in themselves, that is those not requiring any addition for out-door wear, are always acceptable at the time when the weather alternates between warm and chilly. None are more liked for this purpose than those made with short jacket, opening over a contrasting colored chemisette blouse, or waistcoat made of silk or some pretty light material. The model in the accompanying illustration, Fig 5, has skirt and



FIGS 9, 10.

especially, enables ladies to practice economy in many ways, and yet appear fashionably attired. For instance, nothing is so useful as having a bodice differing from the skirt, and a number of pretty dresses may easily be prepared both for day and evening wear, by arranging two or three black or dark woolen skirts and half a dozen bodices differing from each other and from the skirts, in color, material and style; even the Eaton

bodice made of soft beige and a light blue chemisette, pleated collar and belt. Two stripes of ecru lace edged with gimp go down one side of the skirt, and a sort of revers trimming on the jacket, which is carried rather low down at the back is made of the same sort of lace and gimp. The huge leg-of-mutton sleeves have also similar lace cuffs. The light yellow straw hat is richly trimmed with black ostrich feathers.

As bicycling is becoming more and more the fashion for ladies, we include among our remarks a description of a new and comfortable costume for the purpose. It is made of dust-colored, light woolen material, the straight skirt being pleated all round, and worn over knickerbockers to match, which reach to the knees and replace all under petticoats. The full blouse has a plain yoke and a fluted berthe, edged like the skirt, with a few rows of narrow braid; it is drawn in at the waist by a leather belt, the puff upper sleeves are tight at the wrists, the collar is plain linen, and the cravat black satin. See Fig. 6.

Fig. 7 shows a handsome visiting costume in glacé silk with tiny check, giving a shot-green effect. The skirt has full pleats at the back, with a Chartreuse green bow and steel buckle on each side. Bodice of Chartreuse satin covered with cream guipure, full basque, cut steel buttons, Chartreuse folded sash; vest and cravat of cream silk crêpe, revers of the glacé silk.

A quaint model for a little girl's dress is illustrated at Fig. 8. It may be developed in challie, embroidered muslin, India silk, or zephyrs, as preferred. The

sleeves and squares are made of a plain or contrasting material.

Figs. 13 and 14 are charming models, and can be readily copied by a clever mother in either wools, silks or cotton fabrics.

The dress for a tiny man, shown at Fig. 15, is made of tan linen and trimmed with dark tan braid. Figs. 9 and 10 are excellent styles for misses' costumes. Wools, duck, linen, etc., would develop the modes nicely.

At present rich black moiré is a most admired material for capes, mantles, and jackets to be worn for better occasions ornamented elaborately with embroid-



FIG. 11.

eries in jet, and guipure lace. A stylish jacket of this kind for a young married lady has a deep full basque striped with bands of guipure insertion let into the stuff at the sides and back. Among a number of jacket models brought out lately, some have the fashionable gigot

sleeves, others no sleeves at all, and again others only a large puff reaching to the elbow, finished off with a frill of rich guipure and loops of ribbon. Cloth jackets are often tied round the waist with moiré ribbon, leaving long ends in front. Large bows of ribbon with long ends fasten also the fronts of jackets and capes, these being most effective and quite a feature of the present fashions.

Capes are, as a rule, short and full,



FIG. 12.

but cut in serpentine parts to throw all the fullness to the edge, and a great many have wide or narrow mantelet ends.

Many of the fashionable jackets that have come out lately are distinguished by single or double deep added basques of the same stuff and color as the sleeves, and bodices of velvet or satin to agree, or in black; some have plastrons or waistcoats of plain and striped silk; others again have fine braidings on the

seams and at the back, and richly braided revers; there are also loose-fitting jackets of light cloth made with very full added basques bordered with dark braiding, and similar wider braiding down the fronts and on the collar. Velvet jackets have sleeves of satin or moiré, and the ornamentations are mostly of rich passementerie, mounted on a foundation of white silk.

Passementerie and embroidery still play an important part in present fashions. Cord and braid trimmings of every description have in a comparatively short time gained such a hold on general taste as to induce manufacturers to bring out special novelties in the same line. This is done by working a raised embroidery looking design on the material itself, a method which greatly enriches and improves a dress at a very slight addition in price.

MODISH HATS AND BONNETS.

Milliners never follow decided and fixed rules in trimming their prettiest models, and this season is a startling example of the fact. On many bonnets, for instance, the decoration is placed high in front; on others, at the back, falling over the hair.

Fig. 11 illustrates a dainty bonnet of a rich bronze-tinted straw, modishly ornamented with ribbon and rose-tinted berries and velvet foliage.

The same model developed in fine white chip, richly trimmed with violet-tinted moiré ribbon and clusters of violets, is charming.

Bonnet shapes remain exceedingly small; those coming down low over the ears take the first place, and even the shorter shapes are not infrequently trimmed in imitation, with long bead pendants or lace arranged to fall a little behind the ears. The new models are, on the whole, very pretty and becoming on the head. The front parts of many are shaped like a small, close-fitting cap, and form a small point at the back; the trimmings are then placed in front.

Lace or flower foundations are seen on bonnets for elderly ladies, and with the lace mounted on colored silk to agree

with the strings. Lovely flowered ribbons and small blossoms are taken to border bonnet brims, or are arranged in bouquets in front, at the side and back; full blown flowers, like roses and pinks, which carry off the palm, are put on as rosettes or sprays, forming aigrettes without foliage.

The little capotes have crowns, richly embroidered in jet and gold threads; wreaths of fine flowers and foliage out-

A dainty capote has its edge softly outlined with tiny rosettes made of tulle and its crown almost covered with sprays of lovely blue corn-flowers. Large sun hats, made of fancy straw and trimmed with a loose fold of tulle around the crown, and an immense bow is placed directly in front, and its long loops secured here and there with small stick-pins having jeweled heads.

A young lady's hat is shown at Fig.



FIG. 13, 14, 15.

line the crowns, or else a twist of velvet or jet and lace softens the edge.

To give height to these tiny bits of head-gear an exquisite aigrette, formed of small flowers, is used, or one of cut jet or gold threads.

The hair is becomingly waved above the forehead and at the sides, the little capote seeming to rise from the midst.

Tulle is largely used in the finest summer millinery.

12, the fine wire frame is covered with a pale shade of lilac tinted tulle, ribbon of the same shade and a bunch of lilac blossoms form its only decoration.

Tulle and birds are frequently associated on large hats, the bird seeming to be supported by the billows of tulle surrounding it. Sailor hats made of the finest straws have a band about the crown of richly corded ribbon, and an immense rosette composed of tulle and

narrow ribbon loops placed on the left side. These are designed to be worn with dressy street costumes. A novelty in half-mourning, is a small round hat covered with finely shirred white tulle, and trimmed with a jet-black bird, and aigrette of dull jet.

The shapes of hats, especially, are infinite, yet it would be difficult to say which shape predominates, for immense hats without crown and a wide brim bent in and out in many fantastic ways, are just as fashionable as those with very high crowns and broad brims, while young ladies still prefer the small straight brimmed sailor form.

Fancy straws in white and colors form the foundations of most of the newsummer chapeaux, and fancy straws and plaited cord are largely used for wide-brimmed hats. Brown straw hats, particularly of the new color, "Pain brûlé" are much admired, and bright cerise-red straws are thought very stylish. Plain black and white hats are demodé, although black may be employed either as a foundation color or for the trimming. Charming hats are made of two kinds of straw, which means, that the outside is of a different color and plait to the inside, for which reason chapeaux of several straws braided together with beads, etc., are sometimes ornamented at the inner edge with a small stripe of colored moiré or velvet.

For yachting and the seashore, sailor hats made of rice straw and smoothly covered with the purest white duck, will delight the hearts of all the girls who are to wear gowns of duck this summer. A band of thickly repped ribbon and a neat bow on the left side, is generally considered sufficient trimming. However, for those who desire further decoration, the milliner adds a large rosette on the left side and an upright bunch of flowers such as snowballs, iris, wild marshmallow buds, etc., on long stiff stems.

Among young matrons, as well as unmarried girls, the most popular hat worn with tailor gowns is the English walking hat, known as the Duchess of York, its shape is very pleasing, being less severe than the walking hat of previous seasons.

The brim is gracefully broad in front, rolling prettily at the sides and quite short at the back, the indented crown resembles the Alpine hat, although much lower in height. The most elegant hats of this style are all made in very light colored straws, such as *écru*, amber, cream and white, and all the garniture is black. Black satin ribbons, quills or *cog* feathers being most frequently used.

Hats of fancy straw simply trimmed with bows of handsome ribbon are in high favor for misses' as well as little girls.

FANCY WORK NOTES.

A dainty jewel basket is shown at Fig. 17. A wicker basket is used for the foundation and covered by softly shirred silk, in a delicate shade of Nile green; ribbons of the same color are used as decoration.

Fig. 16 illustrates a handsome head-rest made of *écru* linen decorated with flat stitch embroidery in shades of green, gold and brown.

NOTES ON NEW NEEDLEWORK.

Coarse threads on coarse materials are the fashion just now, and bright colors serve to produce an effective, though somewhat barbaric, *tout ensemble*.

The new Egyptian and Assyrian embroideries show characteristic designs on brown linen, recalling mummy cloths in color and texture. The soft cottons used for these are brown, yellow, blue, black, red, and green, and herring-bone, stem, French knots, and chain are the principal stitches employed, besides various fancy fillings.

Many of the newest linen embroideries have, by way of decoration, a border of leaves or large flowers set closely together. After these are worked, the linen is cut away along the margin, leaving the edges in a series of irregular scallops.

Painted chamois leather is largely used for sachets, work bags, and other fancy articles. The edges are generally cut into narrow strips to form a fringe.

A large soft sachet made of Pongee silk and filled with wadding is often laid on the top of a table for displaying old

silver articles, miniatures, and other curios. The cotton wool is puffed up round the bibelots, so that they rest quite securely upon the sachet.

An attempt is being made to bring in perforated card knick-knacks again. Toilet tidies, watch pockets, and other

with fawn-color and white flax threads.

Some ingenious spirit has thought of utilizing wire tea strainers for pincushions. Two strainers are stuffed and put together, so that an egg-shaped form is obtained. This is gayly trimmed with ribbons and gold thread, and the pins are put through the wire mesh at each end.

There is a rage for Tenerife drawn thread work just now. Some of the designs on the tea cloths and other articles are very beautiful, and the prices are extremely moderate. A well-known wholesale firm has an agent in the Canary Islands, whose business it is to collect the best specimens of work from the peasants and send them home.

Large monograms and initials on silk or satin backgrounds are often traced out with tiny artificial flowers,

such as forget-me-nots and mimosa blooms.

Art muslin, having a bold design of good style upon it, is often worked over with colored silks and gold thread, and used to cover blotters, newspaper cases,

trifles are to be had made of pale blue or green card, with an embossed pattern in gold upon it. They require working with colored silks.

Spangles are liberally sprinkled over embroideries upon silk for sachets and glove cases, and are arranged in masses for the centres of flowers.

The newest tea serviettes have a design of shrimps upon them, executed in natural colors.

A novel idea for a baby's cot cover or carriage rug, is to appliqué the old-fashioned crochet flowers upon white Molleton flannel. Pale pink roses and leaves of grayish-green have by no means a bad effect.

Silk work-bags honey-combed round the top are fashionable. They keep in shape well, and no draw-string is required, though handles of cord are generally added.

The newest waistcoats for wearing with open coats are made of brown holland, thickly embroidered down the front

and the like. It has much the effect of a mixture of embroidery and painting.

HINTS ABOUT HAIR-DRESSING.

The girl who is always fearful that her hair will be out of curl whenever she



FIG. 16.

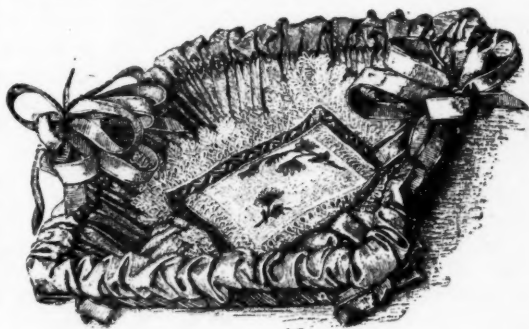


FIG. 17.

goes rowing or yachting is a nuisance to her friends and self as well.

To enjoy the manifold pleasures which only midsummer brings, she must so arrange her hair that it does not prove an hourly annoyance. Straight hair is so quickly affected by perspiration and sea-air that it seems almost a waste of valuable time for a woman to labor all

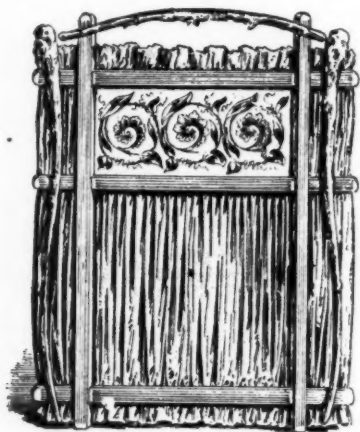


FIG. 18.

summer in vain endeavor to keep it in curls or waves.

No matter if you do not look quite so pretty, forego the soft curls for a time, and enjoy to the utmost the glee of paddling in the surf; or, if you have strength to undergo such violent exertion, take a plunge in an incoming breaker and "bob up serenely" from the fragrant brine, forgetful of such an insignificant thing as a curl-paper. Since the pompadour has received such favorable recognition, it is an easy matter for a woman to arrange her hair fashionably, and above a low forehead it is usually wonderfully becoming. The arrangement of the coil depends largely upon the style of the hat to be worn, and should be so disposed as to meet its requirements.

Nothing looks quite so awkward as a hat set on one's head showing an inch or more space between its edge and the top of the coil of hair. Arrange it so that the hat will rest lightly yet firmly upon it.

Hard, stiff lines are rarely desirable about one's head; for this reason loosely twisted coils are considered in better taste than severely plaited locks; loose plaits, however, are favored. Waved hair is very becoming to most all women, and especially those having rather thin faces. In the evening it is dressed more fancifully—some *à la Grecque*, some in the Empire style, according to taste or to suit the face. An effort has been made to introduce the Incroyable bandeaux, but they do not seem to take. Aigrettes and flowers are used as ornaments, ribbon bows also; but all are small and light. Diamonds are often intermingled with the flowers, and give a brilliant effect.

The styles of dressing the hair of misses and wee girls has undergone very little change. Misses prefer low, loose coils, or plaits secured by a ribbon, leaving the end loose for at least six inches, while wee girls look dainty with a soft fringe over the forehead and the hair hanging in natural waves over the shoulders.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

The pretty little Japanese spool baskets, costing only ten cents, are handy for holding colored twine for the different rooms in the house. Hang them up by a ribbon with a ball of red, pink, or blue twine in each, and if you wish the very acme of convenience, suspend a small pair of scissors by a ribbon from the same hook.

A small glass or tumbler in a crochet case is an acceptable addition to a present of a bouquet of flowers, as they can by its aid be hung anywhere, beside the work table, on the window, near the writing table. A long high tumbler is the most convenient shape and the crochet cotton or silk should harmonize with it in color. On a round of chain stitches beginning at the top of the glass, one row is done with 1 long stitch, with thread put 8 times round needle, and 1 ch. Then begin the loops (1 D. 1 L. stitch) with thread 12 times round needle, which is drawn back into same hole to form oval loop, 7 ch. — and so on until

the length of the glass is reached. The top is finished off with picot edge and narrow ribbon used for bows and strings.

Wrapping paper is an article of which there is often a dearth, and yet its only cost is the forethought to smooth and fold each piece that comes into the house about the various parcels, and then to place it in some convenient drawers where it will always be handy.

Twine is another element of comfort. A small basket with a cover, such as can be bought for a very few cents, is the handiest place to store twine in the kitchen. You need never buy any. Just roll each piece up when it comes in the house around packages, and fasten one end about the roll with a slip-knot, and you will be surprised to see what a quantity and assortment you will accumulate in a short time.

GREEK LACE.

Cast on 24 stitches.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 10 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

2d row—Over, knit 24.

3d row—Slip 1, knit 15 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

4th row—Over, knit 25.

5th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2 (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 4 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

6th row—Over, knit 26.

7th row—Slip 1, knit 17 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

8th row—Over, knit 29.

9th row—Slip 1, knit 2 (over, narrow, knit 2) twice, over, narrow, knit 6 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

10th row—Over, knit 28.

11th row—Slip 1, knit 19 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

12th row—Over, knit 20.

13th row—Slip 1, knit 2 (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 8 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

14th row—Over, knit 30.

15th row—Slip 1, knit 21 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

16th row—Over, knit 31.

17th row—Slip 1, knit 10, over, narrow, knit 10 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

18th row—Over, knit 32.

19th row—Slip 1, knit 2 (over, narrow) 5 times, knit 11 (over, narrow, knit 1) 3 times.

20th row—Over, knit 1, slip first loop on left-hand needle over the end stitch toward right hand, knit 2, slip second loop over next stitch, knit 2, slip third loop over next stitch, knit 25.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Tailor-made costumes are still in favor with many of our *élégantes*; no fashionable lady, indeed, is ever without a tailor costume in her wardrobe.

Young girls look best with the rounded cut bodice. Spotted muslin is always pretty for such, and makes a simple and youthful dress for school, dances, home festivities or the like.

The accessories of a toilette are very rich indeed this year. The most fabulous sums are spent on parasols.

The ornaments on *châtelaines* are all of ancient form, the more ancient the better. Old-fashioned scent bottles are hung on them, also old-fashioned seals. They are very *chic*, very *crane*, these old-fashioned hangings at the end of a bit of gold cord, called chain.

Jewelry is worn on everything. We are in an age of gold and brilliants, as of luxury and effect.

At the theatre we see high dog-collars of the rarest pearls, with diamond and sapphire bars joining the rows together.

Bracelets, on the other hand, are not so much worn as they used to be, *chacun à son tour*, even in fashion.

In collars we see the loveliest things. In plaited crape, edged with lace; in lace, covered with jet and beads; in guipure, in surah; in every material, in fact, that can add elegance and richness to a toilette.

Crépon costumes are very elegant for morning wear. The bodice may be a blouse of another material and color.

PUBLISHERS PAGE



OUR NEW COVER.—With this issue of the magazine we present the first of a series of proposed improvements. For over forty years ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has occupied an enviable position in the field of literature, descending from father to son and from mother to daughter. Our list comprises many hundreds of people who have been continuous subscribers for upwards of twenty-five years, and their expressions of approval are as frequent and sincere to-day as they were in earlier years. The present is an age of fierce competition, full as great in the publishing world as in other industries. We propose keeping up with the times in every way, and as an earnest of what we intend, offer for your approval the new cover, which, we trust, will be pleasing to you. From month to month other changes will be made, so that, we trust, you will continue to feel ARTHUR'S is a necessity in your home rather than a luxury.

ABOUT PEARLINE.—Every one knows about Pearline, almost every one uses Pearline, but we wonder if all the housekeepers who use it know half that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the bright ones have discovered, that those mountains of dishwashing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to mole hills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearline. Fill the roasting pan, as soon as the gravy is poured from it, with cold water, shake in a little Pearline and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed, all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as

easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and beside clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearline rendering it safe to pour such dishwater into it. Sinks regularly treated to a bath of Pearline and scalding water will seldom need the services of a plumber.—*Watchman*, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1889.

TO CLUB RAISERS.—Please note that we are prepared to furnish you with any article you may want and take our pay in subscriptions to the magazine. If you have in mind any particular article you would like, write us and we will advise you how many subscriptions are necessary to obtain it. We are in a position to give you the lowest possible price.

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES, don't cling to the imperfect things. Do you use cereal foods on your breakfast table? Then you need cream. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is decidedly superior in richness and flavor to ordinary milk or cream.

DRESS PATTERNS.—Our subscribers will oblige us by carefully reading the directions for obtaining our free dress patterns, on page 8 of each issue of this magazine. Please note that the coupons and orders are to be sent to the DOMESTIC PUBLISHING CO., 104-106 Fourth avenue, New York City, and NOT to us. Orders for patterns sent to us have to be forwarded to New York for filling, thus causing us great annoyance and the subscriber considerable delay.



THE HOT DAYS

of July are not only endurable but salubrious, when your blood is kept free from irritating humors and malarial poisons. This is best effected by the use of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**. It attacks and breaks up every humor, dispels painful eruptions, strengthens every function, and literally drives each element of disease out of the body. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** prevents sunstroke, malaria, fevers, chills, and summer sickness, and is the speediest restorative after a wasting illness. Be sure to avoid any preparation claiming to be a substitute; for there can be none. The superior blood-purifier is

Ayer's ^{The Only} Sarsaparilla

Admitted at

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

To Preserve

the richness, color, and beauty of the hair, the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To be sure of having a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for **Ayer's Hair Vigor**. It is absolutely superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals itching humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to the hair a silken texture and lasting fragrance.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers



SOLD AGAIN.

As a rather unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down town one morning, he met an acquaintance named Tom, and stopped him.

"I say, Tom," he said, "here's a pretty good counterfeit dollar. If you pass it I divide with you."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom.

"It's a fac-simile," said Ben, passing it to the other.

Tom examined it carefully, then pocketed it, saying—

"It's an equal division, you say, half a dollar each?"

"Yes."

A few minutes afterward he quietly stepped into the store of his friend Ben, and purchased half a dollar's worth of oysters, laying down the dollar to pay for them.

The clerk took the coin and gazed at it doubtfully and long.

"There is no use staring that coin out of countenance," said Tom, "for I had it from Ben not ten minutes ago."

Of course the clerk, with this assurance, handed over the oysters and a half dollar in change, and with this and the oysters Tom left. Shortly afterward he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the dollar.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, handing over the half to Ben.

That evening, when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the counterfeit coin in his drawer. Turning to his clerk he inquired—

"Where did you get this? Didn't you know it was bad?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me, and I rather suspected it was fishy, but he said he had just received it from you, and then I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the brain of Ben.

"Sold again!" he muttered with a peculiar grin.

The oysters were charged on the profit-and-loss account.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The officer of the deck on board a man-of-war asked the wheel one day—

"How does she head?"

It was blowing a gale of wind.

"South-ayst," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add "sir" to his answer.

"You had better put a few more s's in your answer when you speak to me," said the huffy lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sor-r-r," returned the Irishman.

A day or two after the officer called out again—

"How does she head now?"

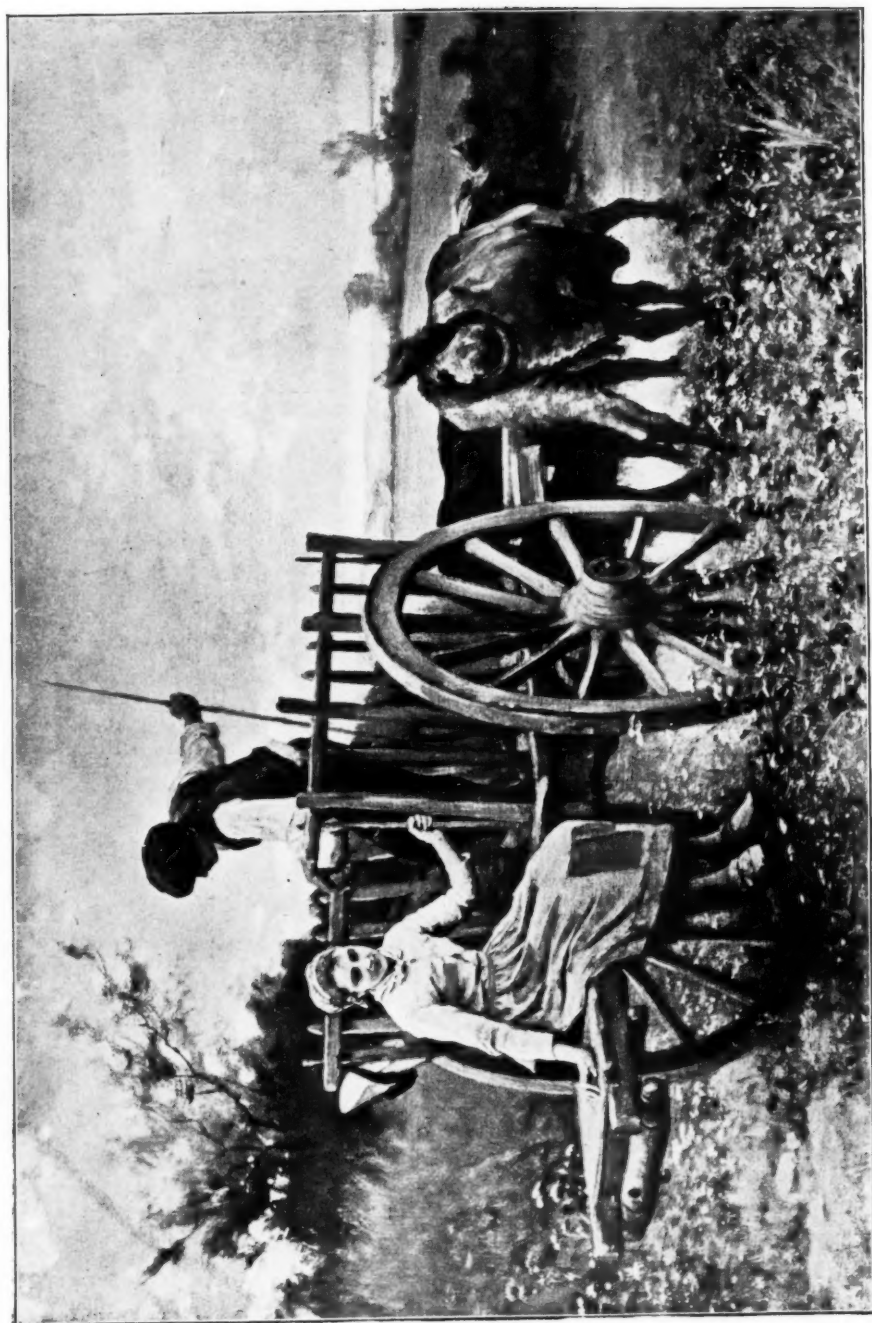
"South-ayst, an' be south, half-south, an' a little southerly, sor-r-r," shouted Pat, at the top of his voice.

DON'T buy but one bar of Dobbins' Perfect Soap at first. It is only 5 cents. You can decide just as well on one bar whether it is worth double the Soap you have been using. If it isn't, don't buy any more.

OTAHEITE ORANGE.

This plant is cultivated exclusively for ornamental purposes on account of its propensity to bloom continuously. Its handsome little fruit is not particularly desirable for eating.

THERE ARE people using Dobbins' Electric Soap to-day who commenced its use in 1865. Would this be the case were it not the purest and *most economical* soap made. Ask your grocer for it. Look out for imitations. *Dobbins'.*



AN OPPORTUNITY.

From a painting by E. B. Debat-Ponsan.